The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1921 NUMBER 319

Contents

The Week 177

Editorials

Harding at the Cross Roads..... 180
Into the Doldrums and Out..... 181
Main Street in Fiction..... 183
How to Disarm..... 184
The Cause of Hold-Up Unionism..... 185

General Articles

Is China a Nation?.....John Dewey 187
The England of Hardy.....H. M. Tomlinson 190
The Declaratory Judgment.Edwin M. Borchard 192
Barriers .....Clarence Day, Jr. 194
Election by Terror in Florida.Walter F. White 195
Lone (Verse).....Walter De La Mare 197
What Profit Hath a Man...Edward G. Lowry 197

A Communication 199
Correspondence 201
Books and Things.....P. L. 203
After the Play.....F. H. 204

Reviews of Books

Dostoevski .....Clarendon Ross 205
Bynner vs. Bynner.....Louis Untermeyer 207
The Labor Problem.....Ordway Tead 208
The Wind Between the Worlds.....H. S. G. 210

The Week

"MOST people," says Congressman Madden (Republican) of Illinois, "have imagined that the landslide (of November 2nd) put the West on top in the House, but that is wrong." The actual fact, he discovers, is that the House will be in the control, by a margin of ten votes, of the 228 Republican congressmen from states east of the Mississippi or north of the Ohio. But it is not so much the geography that pleases Mr. Madden as the fact that this section of the country pays 84½ per cent of all taxes, the fact that the Republicans from the "taxpaying belt" will have a "clean majority over all other combinations." And according to Mr. Madden, this means "a change in sectional, or class legislation"; "it means that the majority stockholders of the country, for they might be regarded in that light, will have the last say in the matter of tax burdens." In plain words, Mr. Madden believes that those who pay the highest taxes that is to say the rich and well to do, apparently regardless of how they may be outnumbered by poorer people, should run the country. He believes that representation in our government should be according to dollars and not men and women. If you think it a good thing for that "section" of United States which pays the bulk of its taxes to run the United States, without dividing the section up into the millions who work and pay few taxes and the thousands for whom this labor produces wealth on which they are heavily taxed, how is it possible to say, seriously, that you do not believe in "class legislation"?

THE Federated American Engineering Societies have formed an American Engineering Council, which, under the leadership of Herbert Hoover, is on its way to accomplish something of the first importance, and at the same time unique in the history of American industry. The Council is about to start a campaign of public service, and cooperate with labor organizations and chambers of commerce in an attempt to solve some of our pressing social problems. The first job to be tackled is the huge one of waste in industry, which a committee has been appointed to investigate. To get at the bottom of our industrial waste will require, not only technical skill and brains but a high quality of courage as well, for profits often have their source in waste, and American industry has surrounded itself with a barbed-wire entanglement of tradition and morality that can be penetrated by nothing but a very unusual degree of fearlessness. Once on the trail of waste, may the engineers follow it wherever it leads, and since they are under Mr. Hoover's leadership, we have the right to expect them to follow through.

THE Ku Klux Klan, with its white-hooded night-riders, masks, and fiery skulls, was the bogey with which Southern whites terrorized the superstitious Negroes in the disordered years of "reconstruction." It was finally outlawed by act of Congress; it disbanded, but it did not disappear. Sev-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral weeks ago the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People charged that the Klan was planning to found a "den" in New York City, a charge neither denied nor admitted by Colonel W. J. Simmons, Imperial Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan at Atlanta. Now the details of the story have appeared in the New York Tribune. Posing as a white man, an official of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People applied for membership in the Klan, and received an answer from the "Imperial Palace of the Invisible Empire, Department of Propagation, Office of the Imperial Kleagle, P. O. Box 1204, Atlanta, Georgia," recalling the "valiant service" of the Klan "in behalf of white supremacy," and pointing out "its need today, when the fourteen million people of the colored race are organizing, and when . . . Bolshevist forces are encroaching daily upon the basic principle of Americanism . . ."

ANOTHER letter brought the news that the Klan knew of 300 men in New York City who were eager to join it, and that demands for organizers had been received from Maine, Illinois, Missouri and California. Then came an "interrogatory" "propounded" by the Klan's "Kligrapp," asking the candidate whether he was "Gentile or Jew," of "the white race or of a colored race," and whether he believed "in white supremacy." But the Negro investigator got no further toward membership, as at this point someone became suspicious and the correspondence abruptly ceased. The evidence was turned over to the Department of Justice, and Judge Talley, then Assistant District Attorney of New York, proclaimed that "no secret, oath-bound organization is needed to preserve and perpetuate devotion to the American government." To this Wizard Simmons made the obvious retort about the New York crime wave, and upheld the Klan's usefulness where "crime has passed beyond the control of regularly constituted authority." When the law is too weak, or too lenient to deal with Negroes, yeggs, bolsheviki, as they deserve, the Ku Klux Klan is eager to play understudy. It will perhaps be difficult for its leaders, its Kligrapps, Kleagles, "Grand Wizards," Dragons, Titans, Giants, and the rest of the subterranean hierarchy to believe that the days of Mumbo-Jumbo are over.

WHEN President Wilson in his message to the present Congress asked to have the Philippine Islands given their independence, he did not specify just what shade of independence he meant. And so people not entirely friendly to the idea, people in whose minds the Philippines are an essential jumping-off place in case of war with Japan, have asserted that the Islands want and demand nothing less than guaranteed independence. This is not true, for according to Mr. Isauro Gabaldon, one of the Philippine commissioners in this country, the Philippines are willing to accept independence under a league or association of nations, under an American protectorate; under a guarantee of neutrality by the great Powers, or absolute independence "without strings." The United States has no real interest in keeping the Philippines any longer. We can safely cut all the strings we now hold, and advise, as the most promising alternative for the Filipinos, independence under the League of Nations.

THE last days of the old year saw one of those French governmental brainstorms that are born partly of political necessity and partly of hysteria. Since M. Lefevre resigned as Minister of War a few weeks ago those who shared his certainty that Germany was preparing to attack France again have been shaking the none too solid government of M. Leygues with charges of weakness and leniency. The government found an opportunity to bely this charge in the apparent refusal, and certainly the failure, of the German government to carry out the terms of the Spa agreement, by which the members of the Einwohnerwehr, or civil police, as well as the regulars, or Reichswehr, were to be reduced to a certain figure before the first of the year. Last week General Nollet, head of the Interallied Commission of control in Germany, reported to the Allied Ambassadors that Germany had not disbanded the Einwohnerwehr, and sent an ultimatum to Germany demanding compliance with the Spa agreement by January 1st. The German reply, which skilfully hinted that too much Allied pressure on this point would make it difficult for the German delegates to continue the reparation conference in the good humor with which it was begun, denied the non-fulfillment of the Spa agreement. Immediately the French agitation for occupation of the Ruhr broke loose, and for a while, until it appeared that England would not approve of such hasty action, invasion seemed imminent.

IT is not clear from the news whether Germany insisted she had kept to the terms of the disarmament agreement as she understood them or whether she pleaded the impossibility of carrying out these terms. Three things are certain: that she did not refuse to carry them out; that Marshal Foch's report gives her full credit for carrying out the rest of the disarmament program; that the Einwohner-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wehr of East Prussia and Bavaria were not disbanded. Berlin dared not try to disarm the Bavarian Orgesch, which is said to number half a million men, with its own outnumbered and reactionary troops. The function of the Orgesch seems to be threefold: to guard against revolution in Bavaria; to fight Communism in the rest of Germany, and, it is hinted, to set up, at the right moment, the Wittelsbach dynasty. Why has this reactionary volunteer force been allowed to exist by the Allies? The French accuse a British general, Malcolm, of winking at its existence; the British reply is that if the Orgesch were disbanded, the middle class would be without protection; and the French themselves are accused of having encouraged the Bavarian militia as a means to the separation of Bavaria from Germany. The German position, that disarmament of Bavarian and East Prussian guards is for the present impossible and dangerous, seems reasonable.

BY the terms of the Spa agreement, the Allies secured the right to occupy the Ruhr valley or any other part of Germany should Germany's refusal to carry out the Treaty make such military operations necessary. From what can be learned of Marshal Foch's report on the progress of Germany's disarmament, he does not advise the occupation of the Ruhr, and favors instead an advance from Mayence up the Main toward Frankfort and Wurzburg. The point of this wedge would partly separate Würtemberg and Baden from the rest of Germany; if driven further in, it would isolate Bavaria, and might lead to that final separation of Bavaria which France undoubtedly would like to see happen. The alternative, apparently now abandoned, of the occupation of the Ruhr, is not a happy one. It would place France in complete control of the most essential iron and coal centre of Germany, and would give her a paralyzing life and death grip on all German industry. It would face her with the problem of several million restless workmen, who would not be overeager to work under foreign military rule, and whose production is essential to the revival of their own country. Bavaria or the Ruhr?—But there is really no such dilemma. What can fairly be demanded of Germany can be secured from her by means less dangercus than military occupation.

THE report of the British Labor Commission of six members, headed by Arthur Henderson, which went to Ireland on November 30th, is a convincing indictment of the brutal and stupid British military policy in Ireland. Yet in general it is no surprise, and there are few of its conclusions that people who have read even the American press carefully could not have come to by themselves. The report draws the familiar picture of the young, undisciplined Black and Tans, recruited haphazard in England, Ireland, Wales, who have been terrorizing the towns and even the countryside from motor trucks, often flying a Black and Tan flag, as if glorying in the name hatred has given them. Sometimes a Sinn Fein flag will even be dragged in the dust at the truck's tail. The hatred and resentment that these troops arouse by such mean provocation as forcing Irish boys of eighteen to go down on their knees and foreswear Sinn Fein, cry "God Bless the R. I. C." and spit three times on de Valera's photograph, is serious enough. If such incidents could be explained, though scarcely excused, on the ground of these green troops' lack of discipline, the report gives instances of serious crimes, by way of reprisal, the guilt for which falls in the end on a government slow or unwilling to condemn them. Here the Labor Commission's investigation only scratched the ground, but it unearthed several instances of flogging, beating, looting and burning of creameries. The Commission's conclusion is obvious, and most people will agree with it: "The solution of the Irish problem will not be found through a policy of violence or of vengeance." In other words, the military terror should cease at once.

A CONFERENCE of British Labor at London on the 29th of December, representing some three million workers, Welsh, English, Scotch and Irish, challenged the government to disprove the commission's charges. Its report and its challenge are the first steps in Labor's nation-wide campaign for Irish self-determination. Labor's suggestions of a basis for an Irish settlement are: first, withdrawal of all armed forces; second, placing of responsibility for maintaining order on the local authorities; third, immediate election, by proportional representation, of a constituent assembly to give Ireland whatever constitution her people desires—subject to two conditions: the protection of minorities and guarantees that the constitution shall guard against Ireland's being a military or naval menace to Great Britain. This program, which is of course far short of a republic and really much the same as complete Home Rule, was approved by 80 per cent of Irish Labor at the All-Irish Congress on November 16th. It would be a perfectly fair compromise settlement,—and a possible one, were it not for the white heat of Ireland's bitterness at this time. If it is a sensible solution for Labor to offer and apparently a solution that Labor is preparing to fight for until it is accepted, how much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more sensible would it have been twelve months ago, and how much more valuable then a determined campaign for Irish self-determination. Labor in England has been, in regard to Ireland, slow and inarticulate, because of sectarian and other divisions in its roads, and is tardily recovering from this inertia.

D'ANNUNZIO is off his stage at last. He did not think it worth while to die for his cause; but is still "alive and inexorable." He left the ship he tried to wreck because it would not sink, and for all his lyric invitations to death, he could not bear to go down alone. We have only the mildest curiosity for his future, and the world will now do well to forget him. But D'Annunzio's defeat is also the defeat of something larger, more poisonous and much less decorative than himself. The real victory is that of the civil power of Italy over military rebels, and over the noisy nationalists whose tools they were; the real surrender is not so much at Fiume as in Rome. Government, and the forces of sanity and moderation, have prevailed over the violent and impossible ambitions of a few. Now that the fanatics who tried to wreck a settlement between Italy and the Jugoslavs are out of the way, a secure peace can be built on that settlement.

Harding at the Cross Roads

TWO months have passed since the election, yet the American people are no clearer as to what they really chose for themselves in voting Harding into power. It has been plain from the outset that little light could be thrown on the probable character of the next administration through a study of the personal qualities of Harding himself. The nation has accepted in good faith Harding's repeated declarations that his administration is not to be a one-man affair. And there is not the slightest reason for doubting that those declarations were given in good faith. Whether we shall be governed intelligently and efficiently or shall establish a low water mark for stupid reaction and blundering incompetence turns on the character of Harding's appointments, especially to the cabinet offices. Will Harding surround himself by a group of men of large caliber, like Hughes and Hoover, or will he sink to the depths with Senator Fall and Daugherty? Rumor has it that Harding inclines toward the former course, but equally persistent rumor has it that the second course tempts him strongly. For our own part, we have not the remotest idea of what Harding's real intentions may be, and we doubt that anybody, even Harding himself, is certain about them.

For this amazing condition of uncertainty, unprecedented in American history, the explanation is complex. The circumstances have conspired to endow Harding with a measure of freedom of choice such as no other President-elect, at least in our generation, ever enjoyed. The overwhelming character of his victory absolved him from direct obligation to any faction or grouping of citizens. Neither the stand-patters nor the progressives, neither the East nor the West, the factory nor the farm can say, We did it, and therefore may properly demand the fulfillment of our aspirations. Harding could have spared the vote of any organized group. Nor is he definitely bound by the expectations of general or even party public opinion. If Hughes had been the nominee of the party, his very name would have been a pledge of good administration. If Hoover had been the nominee the voters would have had a right to expect progress toward a more rational scheme of economic development. The nomination of Johnson would have made it reasonable to expect a determined effort toward the realization of our native democratic aspirations in both politics and economics. But Harding's name invoked no expectations whatever. He may do his very worst and yet not be justly subject to the charge of betraying his supporters. They were animated mainly by a desire to punish Wilson. Therefore they already have their reward.

Nor is Harding bound to govern his choices with a view to assuring himself of support in Congress and the Senate for any legislative program he has in mind. It is very unlikely that Harding has any definite program which he wishes to impose on the legislative bodies, but if he has, the Republican majorities are too substantial to expose any such program to defeat by a clique disgruntled over cabinet appointments. Contrast the position of Wilson at the opening of his first administration. He had an ambitious program of legislation, which included the wresting of a sound banking law from a party still permeated by Bryanism. Could he have refused to make Bryan Secretary of State, even if he had been temperamentally inclined toward basing his appointments upon considerations of fitness? The Democracy had won not because the country approved it but because of dissension in the Republican camp. Like any other government by a minority, the Democracy lacked prestige. It could make up for this weakness only by efficient party discipline. Therefore Wilson was compelled to select men like Burleson and Daniels, whether he preferred the type or not. From all such considerations Harding is free.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The upshot is that Harding stands at the cross-roads, the most remarkable exemplification of free will in American political history. He may go either to the right or to the left, as he chooses. He may give us either the best or the worst administration we have ever had. Nothing is fixed by the stars.

The New Republic regarded the nomination of Harding as a calamity. If he chooses the worse road, he will violate no expectations of the New Republic. But is it merely an even chance that he will actually choose the better road? It is something more than that, we hope. For after all, the choice before Harding is not like the choice of Hercules, with ease and joy beckoning to him from one road and toil and virtue from the other. The influences that are drawing Harding toward the worse road are old political obligations and the haphazard friendships acquired through a long period of public life. The influences that tempt him toward the better road are vastly more seductive.

For assuming that Harding has a normal equipment of imagination, he must see clearly that the Presidency is something wholly unlike anything else in our political system. In the space of a generation the very names of the senators and congressmen and governors who now parade upon the political scene will have been forgotten. The average American of 1950 will not have the remotest idea what manner of man Lodge was, or Borah, or Newberry, or Fall. But every American child, in 1950, will have been compelled to recite the name of Harding in the series of Presidents great and small. The average American will have a fairly definite idea as to whether the name Harding should be held in respect or otherwise.

Now, a man who knows that his name is to be extinguished with his breath may choose the worse way, out of negligence, out of indulgence to his friends, out of mere whim. But when a man knows that his name must live for centuries beyond him, can he deliberately choose the worse way? If one must be immortal in any event, can he choose to stand forth in shabby and spotted robes? When one reflects upon it, it seems impossible. What has vice to offer Harding so seductive that he would buy it at the price of such an everlasting spot on his record as, for example, the appointment of a Fall to cabinet office?

We have had Presidents before Harding of whom little was to be expected. Such was the weight of the Presidency, however, such the force of the prospective judgment of history, that not a single one of them failed to better the expectations created before his election. We have had Presidents made of bad timber; we have had none that did not stand up fairly well in the light of his time. The light of the present time is focussed upon the question of Harding's cabinet appointments. And so far as present indications go, Harding is quite aware of that. The tentative cabinets rumored from Marion seem to improve steadily in quality. And though they may be merely trial balloons, they prove that Harding is disposed to gauge public sentiment, and within limits at least to be governed by considerations that will look well in history.

Into the Doldrums and Out

IN a New Year's message Mr. Hoover said in effect that a country which had more food than it could eat, more coal than it could burn, more clothes than it could wear, more factories than it could keep going, more willing labor than it could employ, ought somehow to keep out of the doldrums. And then came Mr. Daniels with his message which was that if Americans could revive the consecration of the war things would be better. Presumably if they could revive the spirit of 1917 it would be possible to overcome the paradox of 1921. If the nation were as patriotic today as it was during the war, it would experience no great difficulty in overcoming the absurd predicament of too much production in the midst of world wide want. The nation would manage somehow to vindicate the beloved Law of Supply and Demand, instead of gazing rather helplessly at Oversupply in one place and a Famine Demand in another without apparently being able to make a connection between the two. For as Mr. Hoover indicated, it is a downright reflection on the intelligence of the human race that people should starve in Europe while farmers cannot sell their crops in America.

Yet the same human race, the same nation, the same individuals not three years ago built a bridge of boats across the Atlantic and in ten months moved more men across that bridge than there were adults in the whole of the United States when the Constitution was adopted. In 1918 we moved the equivalent of a small nation across a dangerous ocean against a formidable enemy; in 1921 we can not move a few shiploads of food, clothing and machinery across a peaceful ocean to a friendly continent. What has happened?

The patriotic impulse, says Mr. Daniels, has disappeared. Is that accurate? If patriotism consists in proclaiming it, as much was heard about patriotism in 1920 as ever there was in 1917. No, the patriotic impulse is there. But something has changed, and that something is the object on which patriotism expends itself. For patriotism is not a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mere state of mind. People cannot long be patriotic in general. They are patriotic about something, for something, or against something. The impulses which constitute what we call patriotism are not self-contained and self-consuming; they attach themselves to purposes and objects in the real world. In 1917 and 1918 they attached themselves to a concrete business of mobilization, production, and combat. There were specific things to do, and whoever was patriotic could show it by working, fighting, selling bonds, making bandages or what not. In other words the "spirit" had a definite situation, more or less clearly understood, on which to operate.

That situation disappeared with the armistice. The ships ceased to carry troops to France, the camps started to discharge, war contracts came to an end, the whole machine had to be unwound again. The idealists of the war, the men who had a vision of the future, and the men who know something of human nature, implored the politicians, the captains of industry, the leaders of thought to use the patriotic impulses than at flood tide to float a scheme of peaceful reconstruction which would be as daring and as spacious as the war program itself. That they would not do. And so for a time patriotism was a disembodied spirit in the land, all dressed up with no place to go.

Then the mean people went to work, and all that was suspicious, selfish and devious, all that was frightened, bigoted, and unreasonable in people's souls. Patriotism was without a program; they would give it one. And the program they gave it was every ancient form of political reaction, economic selfishness, class prejudice, witch hunting,—all disguised as the natural object of patriotism. The country was to defend Mr. Gary's twelve-hour day with the same fervor that it had defended Belgium, was to support the unrestrained run of the war profiteer with the same high spirit that it watched the troops at Chateau Thierry, was to see in Mr. Mitchell Palmer's lawlessness and violence the logical continuation of Mr. Wilson's greatest idealism, was to find in the imprisonment of Eugene Debs evidence that the world was being made safe for democracy, in the Lusk Committee the proof that the Prussian spirit had been overthrown, in an organized campaign to make a shop closed against the unions the new spirit of cooperation that was to save the world, and in the nomination of Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox the testimony that America had been enlarged and enlightened.

These, we were told, were now the objects of patriotism, these were the peace time substitute for the national effort of the war. Is it any wonder that patriotism so exploited lost its élan, its unity, its direction, and its flavor? Is it any wonder that today the war emotion is no longer a bond, but is a stimulant to violent cross purposes, in which each faction contends with every other to establish its private ends as the goal of patriotism? And that this tangle of private ends, each for himself and the devil take the rest, this stupendous laissez-faire without program, without central leadership, without impersonal ideals, has finally snarled itself up to the point where production stops while nations starve and shiver, where men walk the streets looking for work in cities that are crying for houses, and their wives are at a loss to pay the grocery bill while the farmers are nearly bankrupt with their surplus of food?

But what prevents us from taking the thing in hand, pulling ourselves together, and using our common sense? At bottom nothing but a phantom army of shibboleths that rushes forth to attack any and every program, squeaking and parroting sounds about "socialism" and "bolshevism" and "business enterprise." Since every common effort to set anything right involves some collision with a private interest, since any effort to act for the common interest involves the limitation of some private interest, the cries that go up are vaguely enough plausible to convince a people that is tired, frightened, and disillusioned by the war. For each of these private interests has managed to appropriate to itself for exhibition on all occasions a fragment of the halo that encircled the troops, and should under proper leadership have encircled the peace.

It is obviously too late now to recover the impulse of 1917. It has been corrupted and dispersed. And so the outlook in 1921 is different than it was at the armistice. Then a reconstruction program was tolerably easy to conceive, developed organically out of the administrative machinery of the war. In 1918 men knew by means of that machinery what they had and what they needed. Today they do not know. The facts about the world are lost in private obscurities. The intellect of the world cannot seize the facts, order them, and invent plans upon them as it did during the war, and might have at the peace. Therefore besides taking emergency measures, such as the furnishing of credit and the like, no ample direction of human affairs is likely to be seen again, until the intelligence of men succeeds in breaking through the censorships of prejudice and corrupted patriotism in order to make a fearless exploration and criticism of the facts. Until that is done vision is a fantasy, imagination an unreality. There must come a period of hard criticism and drastic exposure, as intelligence shakes itself free again after the Great Interruption.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Main Street in Fiction

A FEW candid American writers never cease to protest against the bad literary eminence of New York. Even after they have come to live in New York themselves and learned to breathe its tainted air they continue to say, and say truly, that this overgrown publishing centre is not in any real sense the literary capital of America. It is beyond doubt the biggest clearing-house for magazine articles and book manuscripts. It is the place where most literary material is judged as merchandise and put into merchantable form. It is the place where editors and authors and critics congregate and look one another over and become fixed and hierarchical. But it is not, as it so often itself supposes, the place where hierarchy corresponds to the actual creative affluence of America. It has become, like every other centre, a self-centre. Whatever tickles its private consciousness comes to seem to it to tickle a general consciousness; and even though its editors and special writers and salesmen get out around the country and go "back home," the constants in their life are New York constants and give a non-national character to thinking and feeling. That thinking and that feeling are assumed to be national. New York with its neighbor Philadelphia is the fountain-head of national weeklies. But the "national" material is inevitably shaped and pointed to meet the prepossessions of New York.

How can those prepossessions be corrected? The tack of most of the displeased minority is to express their displeasure extremely sharply and to hint that unless one has lived in the short grass country or the Ozarks or the Blue Ridge mountains or New Mexico or Salt Lake City one can know nothing about the heart of America. This relieves the literary feelings that are baulked by the indifference and complacency of New York, but it does not propose anything that can alter the prepossessions of New York in the slightest degree. The thing that gives New York or rather Boston-New York-Philadelphia its main grip is the fact that literary men can only earn a full livelihood—with few exceptions—by finding favor in the New York market. Every year this bit of economic determinism decides the fate of hundreds of American writers. From California and the North West and the midland states and the Southern states and New England you have a magnetizing of men and women who must, to live by their pens, live where the source of their income can be tapped most readily. To rail against these writers for concentrating in and on New York is to rail against the fatality of centralization. Until cities like Buffalo and Cleveland and Chicago and Kansas City and Detroit divert more of their own resources to supporting their own creative writers, the business of mere recrimination is futile. Writing people, for good or evil, are as sure to find their way to New York as the thirsty animal to the spring.

But New York is not the spring. It is the distributing point, and the ultimate subservience is the distributor's, if the creative writer is strong. There is a way in which the creative writer can triumph over the special New York consciousness in editors and critics, and can even force the out-of-town American to read about something besides New York. That is by his own obedience to the realities on which all America is based, including the all-Americans who become New Yorkers. The submergence of those realities is part of the metropolitan formula. It is also part of the provincial formula, trying to live up to the metropolitan. But when the provincials reject the metropolitan formula and insist on the things that are provincially real, the metropolitan has no choice but to succumb to pressure. He is, in the end derivative.

It was Arnold Bennett more than most moderns who superbly boasted of being a provincial and showed that London would read of Bursley just as readily as Bursley would read of London. But it is not due to Arnold Bennett except remotely that American creative writers have followed in his path. It is something else, some new dawn of consciousness, that has brought into our fiction great treasures of national experience that hitherto had been utilized mainly for picturesqueness or stock sentiment, the finer values being thought worthless and ugly. The recent fruits of American fiction—the stories of Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis's remarkable novel Main Street, Sherwood Anderson's groping tales, Zona Gale's Miss Lulu Bett, Floyd Dell's gentle and persuasive story Moon-Calf—these show, more than anything which has occurred in recent years, the powerful impulse that was first manifested in the poetry of Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, E. A. Robinson and Robert Frost. It is an impulse to take the experience of America exactly for what it is. This escapes, on the one hand, from the glowering individualism of Dreiser, and, on the other, from the pertinacious optimism of the Hoosier school. It takes over the social scene without rebelliousness but also without indulgence, and it gives to Americans an account of themselves to which New York must defer because New York is itself post-Nebraskan, post-Kansan, post-Ohioan.

George Santayana has recently spoken of the barbarian realities of America. "The luckless

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American who is born a conservative, or who is drawn to poetic subtlety, pious retreats, or gay passions, nevertheless has the categorical excellence of work, growth, enterprise, reform and prosperity dinned into his ears: every door is open in this direction and shut in the other; so that he either folds up his heart and withers in a corner—in remote places you sometimes find such a solitary gaunt idealist—or else he flies to Oxford or Florence or Montmartre to save his soul—or perhaps not to save it." That is and has been the traditional conception of aesthetic fate in barbaric America, espeially in the hinterland beyond the Hudson. But the past ten years, and particularly the years since the war, have shown new possibilities to the present literary generation. The Bohemian immigrant in Nebraska, the local dentist in Wisconsin, the doctor's wife in a small Minnesota town, the young newspaper man in Iowa, the co-educated farmer's daughter in Ohio—all these figures can be seen with the same meditative zeal, the same creative preoccupation, as the ripened spiritual personalities of Europe. And if the sprawling populous midland is, in a sense, part of "the great emptiness," that great emptiness is itself a theme of the first order. Why? Because the midland is only an emptiness to the dismayed and nostalgic outsider. To the critical insider Main Street is different. Still unripe, still screechingly ugly, still inhospitable to the artist, it is all the same the subject of an avowed interest and allegiance, the subject of love. And this love, is a very energetic and generous aliveness in the case of the newer group. And even Mrs. Wharton, whose Age of Innocence puts New York in precisely the same perspective as Gopher Prairie, has her part in setting America in a new frame of perception—a perception of local community, which has a use not for local color but for its great rich mass of association.

These masses of local association have never before been taken so simply by the novelist, or taken so eagerly by the public. There is a public that wants its Main Street without dialect or facetiousness or quaintness, without Mother written all over every chapter, or the old oaken bucket installed in a shrine. This is part, no doubt, of that great novelty called democracy, part of the very recent discovery of the common man. But it is of supreme importance to the United States. The new pioneer in this country is the man or woman who, in spite of New York, brings provincial experience into aesthetic and spiritual and above all critical consciousness, regardless of the trite local version of that experience and regardless of the sugared version to which editors have accustomed their readers.

The more these new critical pioneers make America their own, the fewer "luckless Americans" must fly to the maternal apron of Oxford or Florence or Montmartre. This is not to say that the desire for ideal order and beauty does not remain unquenchable, and that the ultimate quest for Americans as well as other mortals must not be those ideal experiences of which Europe has had its share. But the question is, are we Americans or transplanted Europeans? Are we luckless and homesick exiles or are we pioneers? The American soul may flutter, like Longfellow's, between the smoothest reproductions of Hellas and the smoothest restorations of Hiawatha. Neither is ultimately satisfactory. Yet it may happily alight, like Whistler's butterfly, among the wistful simplicities of the East. The aesthetic experience of America, like the aesthetic experience of Russia, may take very little directly from the orthodox culture of Europe. A subservience to that orthodox culture would certainly inhibit this country. But whether America is to make its spiritual idiom from Florence and Oxford or Japan and Mexico, its present critical acceptance of its own existence is its greatest triumph of social imagination. It is the beginning of one kind of national fulness and integrity, and this is the work of the novelists who have Main Street in hand.

How to Disarm

IN the past the country has not often looked for guidance to the Marion Daily Star. Today it will not be so inhumane as to look at that editorial page for a revelation of Mr. Harding's mind. The theory on which every one is acting these days is that Mr. Harding's mind is now in process of being made up, and that being a very much preoccupied man he has not yet transferred his conclusions to the editor of the Star. Mr. Harding is thinking his thoughts, the editor is thinking his. And in one sample, the editor is thinking as muddled a thought as it is given to men to think.

Under the title, Supreme on the Seas, the editor of the Marion Daily Star thinks that "with a navy capable of defeating any rival, the safety of the United States is preserved." Evidently the editor has never heard of that which is called a naval alliance, for if he had heard of it, he would have had to write that "with a navy capable of defeating any *combination* of rivals . . ." and at that he would have paused again over his typewriter. Then instead of concluding that "the safety of the United States is preserved" he would have written

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"the chances of one hell of a war are brighter than ever." For the reasoning of the Marion Daily Star is like that of an intrepid husky who went down to the busiest street crossing in town, and looked over the policemen on duty. "With a little exercise," says he to himself, "I can lick the Police Department. Then my safety is preserved no matter what I do."

The idea that by outbuilding the biggest navy you can make yourself "secure" is really the absence of all ideas on the subject. For though yours is larger than the next biggest, it will remain smaller than the next two or three or four biggest together. And just as surely as you start out to be "supreme," the others will combine to keep you from being supreme. That is called restoring the "balance of power." The only way to be "supreme" is to outbuild everybody. And long before you get that far everybody will take excellent care to teach you manners.

But says the Marion-minded person: "Britain has the largest navy. Isn't America as good as Britain? Why shouldn't we have the largest navy? We have the tallest buildings, the best tennis players, the most automobiles. We pay Mary Pickford the biggest salary, and an American has just measured the biggest star." The answer is that none of these record breakers are loaded to go off. But battleships are. And when the rest of the world sees the least vulnerable part of the human race preparing to arm more heavily than the most vulnerable part which is the British Empire, it never, never will believe that it is all for defense. The rest of the world knows that to invade the United States from overseas is strategically impossible, to blockade so self-sufficient and rich a people a form of suicide. An attack by England alone on the United States is something that only Mr. Hearst can conceive because he likes to conceive it. No Englishman in his senses conceives it, because he knows where Canada is, he knows where English raw materials come from, he knows from the recent war that a smaller but efficient navy can absolutely prevent a landing of any kind. But most important of all he knows that he does not intend ever to have a war with the United States.

Therefore, The New York World is on safe ground, Senator Borah is on safe ground, the President, if he calls a disarmament conference, will be on safe ground. The safest ground America can occupy is to have a navy larger than Japan's, but not so as to menace Japan, smaller than Britain's, but not so small that the British navy is a menace to us. That is exactly what we have now. Why not maintain this status by an agreement with both Britain and Japan not to disturb the existing ratio? The ratio, not the absolute size, is what counts. If Japan, America and Britain are as 2:4:6 it is just as safe, and a sight less costly and provocative than as if they are as 10:20:30. For any practical basis of disarmament there must be an agreed ratio as the standard. You can arrive nowhere if each government proposes to debate the ratio of strength.

Now the only ratio that does not lead to interminable debate is the ratio of existing strength. Therefore the thing to do (whether by world conference or by the leading naval Powers does not matter) is to have a neutral commission of non-naval Powers determine what the existing numerical ratio is at a certain date. By eliminating sophistry that can be done. It is done every day by naval writers. When that commission has decided what is the relative strength of the Powers, say as of July 1, 1921, then the Powers need only discuss whether they will stand where they are, or reduce by 10 per cent or 30 per cent or 70 per cent. When the basic ratio is known, the percentage of reduction agreed upon, all that remains is for the disarmament commission to establish itself as a permanent court of appeal in all matters of fact, with a final appeal to the World Court in matters of the interpretation of principle.

The Cause of Hold-up Unionism

FOR the intolerable conditions in the New York building industry, union labor can not shift its part of the responsibility. There must have been thousands of union men who had at least a suspicion that the operations of Robert Brindell and his hand-picked, hand-fed Building Trades Council were detrimental to the interests of the public, of the industry and ultimately of union labor itself. They acquiesced in this state of affairs so long as Brindell delivered the goods, in the shape of advancing wages. It is hard to believe that President Gompers and the rest of the national officers of the American Federation of Labor were wholly in the dark as to what was likely to happen, when they installed the Building Trades Council with Brindell as chairman, to take over the negotiations with the Building Trades Employers' Association already opened by Brindell's Board of Business Agents. Or if they were in the dark then, could they have remained in the dark as to the later policy of the Building Trades Council? That would be possible only if the national office of the American Federation were very much detached from the actual labor movement, quite impervious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the rumors that reach the average citizen's ears. The impetus to housecleaning did not originate with organized labor, a fact which the public is likely to remember to the disadvantage of labor.

But after the testimony of Mr. Eidlitz of the Building Trades Employers' Association on December 31st, there can be no question as to what influences were at work to corrupt the labor organizations; what interests profited by it. The building trades employers who were associated under the organization headed by Mr. Eidlitz had undertaken to extend their membership by pressure applied to outsiders to compel them to come in. What other forms this pressure may have taken is a point not relevant here. But one of the most effective forms of pressure was control of union labor. Through Brindell and his Council, union labor—that is practically all qualified labor—could be absolutely controlled. Did the employers' associations actually avail themselves of the instrument thus ready to their hands? Mr. Eidlitz strenuously denied this. But the correspondence between Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury, a non-member contractor, and the Employers' Association suggests that Mr. Eidlitz's denial does not cover the whole case. Mr. Atterbury wrote:

> One of the contractors who is a member of your association told me in very plain English that if the contract were given to any one who was not a member of the employers' association he would see that this contractor would not be supplied with any labor by the labor union, although this non-member contractor is in good standing with the union.

The reply of the association pointed to its constitution as forbidding action to control prices or to restrict competition; but under the provisions of the agreement with the unions, "you will understand that we can not prevent strikes upon a job or fully protect our members who have contracts thereon unless all the contractors are members of our organization. We do not approve the conduct you have described in your communication," i. e., the threat to deny union labor to non-member contractors.

The Employers' Association did not approve such conduct, but manifestly would have profited by it. It would perhaps have been superfluous to approve it, when Brindell's Council was quite ready on its own initiative to harry the unprotected non-members. Brindell did harry them; of that there can be no question. It was an expensive thing to stay outside of the Employers' Association, even when it did not mean absolute exclusion from the contracting field.

Brindell's machine, according to the admissions of Mr. Eidlitz, was put together on the initiative of the Employers' Association. "So it was decided . . . . to try to get a central arrangement with the then board of business agents and get them as a central board of business agents to ratify a contract for 1920 and possibly for 1921." That was the same machine—"represented the same people"—as the Building Trades Council later installed by the American Federation of Labor. The Brindell machine stood in high favor with the Employers' Association, until the Lockwood investigation made it notorious. Down to that time it served effectively to embarrass the business of contractors who paid union wages and observed union rules, but were not members of the Employers' Association. Perhaps all this creates no presumption in law that the Building Trades Council was organized and operated by the Employers' Association for the accomplishment of ends ulterior to the mere ordering of relations with labor. But the presumption stands in common sense.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the building trades lend themselves readily to the development of hold-up unionism. Because the conditions of labor vary from job to job, and because each job is soon over and the men who worked on it dispersed, great powers must necessarily be vested in business agents if union agreements are to be successfully enforced. And such powers are inevitably subject to abuse. They may be employed sporadically for private blackmail; they are likely to be worked up into a system of oppression and corruption wherever employers are reaching for the easy profits that may be won through the destruction of competition. That has been the root of the evil in New York.

The New REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS, CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is China a Nation?

SIR:—No doubt—many, like myself, follow your interesting series of articles and editorials on China with a painful ignorance of how much of a nation China is. China is continually referred to as if she were as compact and homogeneous a social and political entity as Switzerland. We know she has several hundred millions. How many of them are conscious? I suppose my vague mental image of China as a country practically without a bourgeoisie, with a very small literate class, a farmer class practically on the proletarian level, and an enormous hinterland of stolid barbarians, practically immune to propaganda or to any but the most primitive forms of racial emotion, is common among those who studied geography before the Treaty of Portsmouth.

Does what is referred to politically, or what expresses itself audibly, as China, represent a few hundred thousands of the educated and the wealthy in the coast cities, or a few millions, or a substantial and dominating minority of the whole population?

For those who ask this question it is not an idle one. China is the stock example of survival by submission. If she is a nation in the European—(or Balkan)—sense, it is obvious that Japan cannot sit on her chest forever. If not, the nation that organizes her industries and her education may be able to swallow her, for political and economic purposes, more completely than England swallowed India (and India, though not digested, may be considered swallowed). Or the old inertia of size and patience may prevail, and the Japanese be swallowed—and digested—like their predecessors.

If there is a book that gives the data on these questions, would you be kind enough to recommend it to me? And meanwhile would it not be worth while to get Professor Dewey, who is so admirably equipped by temperament and interest, as well as by his recent visit, to cover briefly, in an article or two, these phenomena?

J. W. HELBURN.

Geneva, Switzerland.

AN answer could easily be given to the questions in Mr. Helburn's letter which would be literally correct, and yet almost wholly misleading. China certainly is not a nation as we know nations in Europe. It is sprawling, not compact. It is as diversified as Europe, if not more so, instead of being homegeneous like Switzerland or France. Every one has heard of students from the north and south who talk to one another in English so as to be understood. But there are populous parts of China where a native has to go only a few miles to fail to understand the language of his compatriots. As for political self-consciousness, let the following true story serve. Students went from Shanghai to a neighboring village at the beginning of the anti-Japanese agitation a year and a half ago. The villagers listened patiently to their impassioned pleas for an interest in the policies of Peking dominated by "traitors," and for a patriotic boycott of Japan. Then they said in effect: "This is very well for you. You are Chinese. But we are Jonesvillians. These things are not our business." And this was not in the hinterland but close to the most developed coast city.

Yet if any would argue alone or chiefly to the future from such facts, he would certainly go wrong. Not because they are not massively representative, but because things are in flux. It is not safe to prophesy where they are going. But they are going somewhere, so that a Chinese politician who goes steadily contrary to the interests of China as a nation is sure of overthrow sooner or later. Even a Chinese within China cannot safely base his actions upon the state of things which is correctly represented above. Yet it would be equally unsafe to argue to the existence of a persistently influential minority from the fact of the thousands of telegrams sent to Paris in protest against signing a treaty that had within it the Shantung clause, or from the fact that a cabinet dominated by pro-Japanese politicians, and in control of finance and the army, simply did not dare enter into direct negotiations with Japan about Shantung. In a crisis there may be a minority so substantial as to be dominating. But only in a crisis.

Is China a nation? No, not as we estimate nations. But is China *becoming* a nation, and how long will it take? These are the open questions. Any one who could answer them definitely could read the future of the Far East like a book. But no one can answer them definitely. In this suspense and uncertainty lies the momentous interest of the situation. When did nations begin to be, anyway? How long has France been a compact and homogeneous nation? Italy, Germany? What forces made them nations? And what is going to be the future of the national state outside of China? What is the future of internationalism? Our whole concept of a nation is of such recent origin that it is not surprising that it does not fit in any exact way into Chinese conditions. And possibly the days in which political nationality is most fully established are also the days of its beginning to decline. The last suggestion may be wild. But it suggests that the world as well as China is in flux, and that answers to the questions whether and when China is to be a nation, and what kind of a nation it is to be, cannot be found till we know also what is going to happen in Russia, and Europe generally.

At present, to continue the negative side of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affair, there is little public spirit in China. Family and locality spirit give China its strength for its old traditional ends and its weakness for contemporary conditions and for international relations. Even among the politicians factional spirit is much stronger than public or national spirit—and this is a weakness alike for traditional and new objects. A big army eats up public revenues and makes China increasingly dependent upon foreign loans and subject to foreign spirit interference. It is of no use for national aggression and of next to none for national defense. It is of use for graft, for personal ambitions and factional strife. China has all the disadvantages of both extreme centralization and extreme states rights, and few of the advantages of either. There is not only a division between north and south, but a cross division in both the north and south, and in addition a multitude of cross currents of provincial isolations and ambitions.

And yet was the United States a nation in the critical years after 1785? Was there not a bitter civil war only sixty years ago, and did not Gladstone announce that Jefferson Davis had created a new nation? Are all questions of national unity and states rights yet settled? Not many centuries ago European politicians took funds from foreign governments to strengthen the hands of their own factions, and upon occasion foreign interference was invited or welcomed for furtherance of party or religious strife. Hardly today are the respective claims of state and church fully adjusted, while up till recently a church located outside the nation claimed and secured powers of intervention. And this at least is a complication which China is spared.

I have recently read the words of an intelligent English visitor in America to the effect that the diversity of unfused populations and traditions is such that the United States is one country only in the sense in which the continent of Europe is one. And at about the same time H. G. Wells, using a different criterion, that of freedom and ease of movement and transportation, was saying that the United States was such a complete empire within itself that we could not speak of it and of France as nations in the same sense of the word nation. Such a miscellaneous citation warns us that we cannot use the conception of nation in any but a fluid sense, even in western affairs. They indicate the difficulty in making hard and fast statements about Chinese national unity.

When we turn from political to economic affairs, our habitual western ideas are even less applicable. Their irrelevancy makes it impossible intelligently to describe Chinese conditions, or even grasp them intelligently. In the familar sense of the word, there is *no* bourgeoisie in China. There used to be a gentry with considerable unwritten power, but for the time being at least it is practically non-existent. The merchant class is traditionally outside of political concerns, and has not as yet developed any political or social class consciousness, though some signs of its beginnings were evidenced in connection with the recent boycott. Even in the west one has considerable difficulty in placing the farmers in the bourgeoisie-proletariat termiology (one is tempted to say patter). And how is a class of peasant proprietors who form not merely the vast mass of a people but its economic and moral backbone, who are traditionally and in present esteem, *the* respectable part of the population, next to the scholars, to be classified under our western notions?

Even in the west the point of these distinctions is the product of the industrial revolution. And in China the industrial revolution has still to occur. China is a much better place to study European history of a few centuries ago than to apply the concepts and classifications of present political and economic science. The visitor spends his time learning, if he learns anything about China, *not* to think of what he sees in terms of the ideas he uses as a matter of course at home. The result is naturally obscurity rather than light. But it may be questioned whether the most enlightening thing he can do for others who are interested in China is not to share with them his discovery that China can be known only in terms of itself, and older European history. Yet one must repeat that China is changing rapidly; and that it is as foolish to go on thinking of it in terms of old dynastic China—as Mr. Bland for example insists we must do—as it is to interpret it by pigeon-holding its facts in western conceptions. China *is* another world politically and economically speaking, a large and persistent world, and a world bound no one knows just where. It is the combination of these facts that give it its overpowering intellectual interest for an observer of the affairs of humanity.

The question of China's nationhood, as the writer of the letter of inquiry goes on to observe, "is not an idle one. China is the stock example of survival by submission. If she is a nation in the European or Balkan sense, it is obvious that Japan cannot sit upon her chest forever. If not, the nation that organizes her industries and education may be able to swallow her, for political and economic purposes, more completely than England swallowed India—swallowed, if not digested. Or the old inertia of size and patience may prevail, and the Japanese be swallowed and digested like their predecessors."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These remarks are pertinent, and they enter into the constant query of the foreign observer in China. And yet he can hardly go further than noting the problem, noting the flux of events, and some of the factors that may turn its direction. It is not safe, for one thing, to argue that because China has absorbed all previous invaders that she will end by incorporating into herself future intruders. Her previous conquerors were northern barbarians upon a lower plane of civilization. What would have happened if they had brought with them a superior technique of industry and administration no one knows. Marquis Okuma is reported to have accounted for China's long story of independent existence on the ground that she had no railways. At first sight this may seem to resemble the child's statement that pins save persons' lives, because persons don't swallow them. But it suggests the radically different character of ancient and modern invasions. The latter centre about exploitation of previously unused economic resources. A country that had possession of China's ports, railways, mines and communications would have China in subjection. The wiser the invading country, the less would she assume the burdens of civil administration beyond necessary policing. She would act as permanent exploiting capitalist using the natural resources and unskilled labor of the country to serve her own ends. In addition she would doubtless try to conscript native man-power for her armies. Generally speaking, the natives would act as coolies, the foreigners as upper class personages. Under such conditions, success or non-success in cultural assimilation would amount to little.

But as soon as such things are said, the mind at once recalls that improvement of internal communication and transportation has been a chief factor in developing countries into political units, while oppression from without has been the other great factor. The same forces are operating in China and will continue to operate. Nationalistic feeling as it now exists is largely the product of reaction against foreign encroachments. It is strongest on the sea board not merely because industrial development is most advanced there, but because the aggressions of foreigners have been most felt at that point. Effort to take advantage of absence of national unity to subject a country is likely to end in creating a national consciousness. Korea is a striking example. Politically corrupt and divided, with no national political consciousness, less than a generation of alien rule combined with industrial and educational changes designed wholly to subserve the interests of the foreign power, have almost converted Korea into a second Ireland. History seems to show that nations are hardened into being under influences intended to subvert nationality. China is not likely to be an exception. While it is not a nation "in being," events are probably evoking a nation in becoming. And the process is hastened by efforts to prevent it. At the same time no report is honest which does not state that almost any faction in any part of China, north or south, will surrender national rights to a foreign country in return for factional aid against its internal foes.

One other factor in probable evolution should be mentioned. For a long time, the great Powers, with the exception of the United States, proceeded upon the assumption that China was bound to be disintegrated, and that the policy of each foreign nation was to get its fair share of the spoils. This statement may be too strong. But at least the working assumption was that whenever any disintegration occurred, surrender to one nation must be compensated for, at China's expense, by concessions to others. The world war made conditions such that other nations could not compete with Japan in this game. It is fairly clear now that the disintegration of China would be almost exclusively to Japan's advantage. Hence a great access of benevolent interest on the part of other Powers in China's national integrity. China's historic foreign policy has been to play one Power off against another. Now she is aided by a tendency of all the Powers to give her at least passive assistance against Japanese encroachments. The formation of the consortium with its abolition of distinctive spheres of foreign influence, the question of the re-affirmation or abrogation of the British-Japanese Alliance, the Shantung affair, acquire their meaning in this context. The as yet unsolved question is what Japan can by promise or threat offer by way of compensation to other great Powers to induce them to give her a freer hand in China.

An American educator long resident in central China remarked to me that China was trying to crowd into a half century literary, religious, economic, scientific and political revolutions which it had taken the western world centuries to accomplish. The remark indicates the difficulty in making predictions and in offering definite descriptions. In spite of the inertia and stability that still dominate the vast rural districts, in spite of non-fulfillment of specific past prophecies of changing China, China is in a state of flux. The accumulated effect of thousands of petty changes due to contact with western methods and ideas, has been to create a new mind in the educated class. This fact is at present more important than any single big external change or external failure to change that can be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

singled out. It will take a long time for this new mind to work itself out in definite achievement or even to trace definitely perceptible lines of progress. But these conditions which make intelligent description so difficult are those which lend China its absorbing interest.

JOHN DEWEY.

Peking, China.

The England of Hardy

THE prospect of the world is gray with the apparently final submergence of wisdom in a general squalor of mud, but there is compensation in the thought that the world always had that appearance, and that, if it is true only of our own times, at least we can claim to be contemporaries of Thomas Hardy. Hardy is with us, and his presence lends dignity to our day. It is yet possible that it may appease the gods and turn them to us again; for it may be fairly guessed that now their light is averted in weary contempt from the hopeless confusion of wilful Goths. Hardy, and those of his kind, may compensate for our follies, because their virtues, too, are common to humanity. Hardy justifies us, as a miracle of the transcendent mind, by showing what may survive in the unlikely mud. He is English, but he belongs to every country. England can make that valid apology for herself today. If there are men who are greatly above us, it is because they embody and exalt what is best in mankind, for it is true that the mob which crucified Jesus crucified themselves.

It is these fine and isolated minds which have always justified mankind, and have kept hope alive. They are sublimated humanity. It is not so with our governments and institutions. When we think of the British Constitution, we become solemn, owl-like, and vacant, the usual sign of giving the mind to the consideration of what is unreal and unthinkable. It is like trying to make a picture of what is nebulous, yet obvious, say an august and traditional fog, which has been settled on us for longer than the oldest inhabitant can remember. It has been foggy, says this ancient remembrance, for years, and it seems to get worse. When we attempt to form an image of so ancient a thing as the Mother of Parliaments, then we remember that chancellors, judges, and peers often have risen to their noble estate through paltry work they did in secret for those who guard our lives and liberties in Parliament, and that unhappy thought, which cannot be driven away, so distorts our image that it resembles less a stately matron than a mocking gargoyle with its tongue stuck out at us. Scientific historians may be able to deduce the character and trend of a nation by explaining the growth of its public institutions. But what are those institutions? Nothing but expedients, which change with the whims and circumstances of a few private ambitions and fears, for the control of simple folk; and, under certain violent handling, change so rapidly in very nature that they do not represent the desire of the common man for order and freedom so much as a mass of chance devices of a few energetic and predatory minds that have taken command of powers they do not understand, but mean to keep. There is more of essential and established England in Hardy's work than in all that British statesmen have done since 1914. When those recent official British activities which have shamed many of us into wishing bitterly that we had been born in the Kalahari Desert under the Hottentot flag, but activities which, to some foreigners, may seem the fine fruit of what is historically British, are so remote in the past that commentators may dismiss them in contempt as adventitious happenings, then Hardy's work will be still what it must seem now to Americans when they think well of England: what our Abbey is, and Stratford, the Weald, and the eastward Thames at evening with Waterloo Bridge midway.

Every nation has always been better than its politicians, who, to contemporary eyes, and even afterwards to the readers of romantic history, appear to occupy the whole picture. We know that most famous statesmen, whose lives and works are faithfully recorded in the daily press as of equal importance with pestilence and crime, represent no more than that stratum of the communal intelligence where the markets are rigged and the deals are made, a level considerably below the mind of the generous and social common man, who is the bulk of a people. There is more of the salt of English talk in what Hodge says over his beer in any village inn than in the most important Parliamentary debates; unless his beer has been doctored by politicians and the press, as of late it has been. But Hodge, solid and not quite convinced by imperial rhetoric, even when his beer is doped, always has the last word, though it may take him a century to get it out with sufficient emphasis.

It is likely that if a company of English writers and critics were asked by a foreigner, who did not know us, to what book he could turn for just such a view of England as would make dumb an Englishman with the thought that there was the origin of his bones, and his nurture, and his destiny, those artists might, in the conventional way, consider first some possessing and luminous passage from Shakespeare; yet if one of them were to mention the opening chapter of the Return of the Native, I think the others, after a little surprise, would as-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sent. It is there—at least for the Englishman of today—in as wonderful a prose passage as there is in the language: the description of Egdon Heath at sunset. And it is not in its sombreness, which might be of the evening, or of some impress there of things well done that are long past; nor in that vague brightness of its heaven, which might be an ancient and casual sanction for what is below and around; nor in its spaciousness; nor in those grotesque and dilated shadows which common objects assume in such a solitude at sundown to a sensitive traveller, shades that might be the nightly peopling of the Heath by those who once knew it, but are forgotten. It is in such apprehensions, but there is something more—the unreasonable conviction that we knew the Heath before that gnarled hawthorn was young, before that white ribbon of road was new to it, before the barrows were there; nor have we a fear that one day we shall look on for it the last time. This conviction is not of pride in the continuity of the English. It is quite personal, and has nothing to do with race.

It is said that Hardy's novels are very popular with the millhands of the north country, which is significant, for Lancashire factory folk can have little more knowledge of Wessex than they have of Avignon. Hardy's sanction to represent us does not come from the critics and readers who are what is called "literary." This generation has grown up accepting the Wessex Novels as a natural feature of its circumstance. Those stories are as intimate as the memories of one's own birthplace. Hardy is not a great artist to most of us so much as an invisible presence, familiar and understanding. There are admirers who feel impelled to make a pilgrimage to Max Gate near Dorchester, yet to others it is incredible that we should find Hardy not impersonal, but a man with an address the postman knows. We do not identify him so particularly. To us he is a countryside and its communities. We understand that farmer near Dorchester who was asked if he had ever met Thomas Hardy. "You mean Bill Hardy, the pig-dealer," he corrected. "Of course. You can see him almost any market-day in Dorchester." That farmer was a quite reasonable man, I think; for once, in Dorchester, I sat near to Hardy, and had leisure to observe him. He looked merely as would any serious elder who had watched human affairs long enough and close enough for his interest to subside into sadness and compassion. When that meeting broke up I had forgotten my distinguished neighbor, who was only a few chairs distant, for he had personified only in a ghostly way the impersonal nature of the creator of the Wessex tales.

For what is Hardy to us? A company of mummers performing in a farmhouse kitchen, laborers talking and dancing round a bonfire on a hill-top, Egdon Heath, the reddleman, and the furze-cutter in his leather gloves, in the Return of the Native. The smell of wood-smoke, of damp leaves, and of cider-presses; mornings before sunrise, and lanterns dodging among the wagons, hurdles, and faggots in the yard of the timber-merchant, in the Woodlanders, where we met Giles Winterbourne, who so understood trees that they always flourished when he planted them, and who had apple-pips in his hat and a smell and look of autumn. The meadows, the cornfields, and the dairy, where we grew to like Tess so much that, knowing what must happen to the girl with Hardy master of her fate, we there left her, not daring for months to read what her creator had destined for her. The hut and the sheepfold, in Far from the Madding Crowd, at midnight on Norcombe Hill, with its "ancient and decaying plantation of beeches," and Gabriel Oak, reviving a newborn lamb by a fire in his hut, and looking to Vega, sparkling "like a lamp amid the leafless trees of the plantation," to see what time it was; and the capacious old barns of Bathsheba Everdene's farm, where the flocks were shorn, and somehow the sunlight, the pungent fleece, the antiquity of the walls which had witnessed generations of such scenes, were all one with the play of mind between Gabriel and his beautiful young mistress. The High Street of Casterbridge with its corn-chandler; and a multitude of other men and women in familiar places so used to the lives of our fellows, and so unchanged in nature by the passage of time, that we feel such hamlets must be as enduring as the hills around them, and have foundations more profound than dynasties. The next sunrise after the downfall of empires, the outlasting smoke is seen still rising from the warm chimneys of those communities.

This conviction of continuity may be all an illusion. There is no proof that it is not; no proof that we should trouble to submit to an analysis. But why trouble to prove beauty? Its salvation is that it is there. And beauty is not an illusion. It is recognized, if it is indescribable. We know it is there when, at the surprise of its revelation, as though we heard the veritable monition of no earthly herald, the riddle resolves for a bare instant, the accustomed sordid levels are transfigured with a light momentary and strange, as though an unknown dawn, out of its appointed order in the years, had surprised the place we know, and had been instantly withdrawn. And when we turn, content with a new, partial, but incommunicable knowledge, we see there are others who must have glimpsed that same light, for their faces shine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The beauty in Hardy's work is now the common possession of a multitude of the unimportant. They do not know his poetry, and will never read his Dynasts. But he has enhanced the value and importance of their minds with an increase of light. When what to outsiders seems historic England is fully accounted, and to that is added the measure of our current ills, and by that sum we are judged, then it should be remembered also that, like common folk elsewhere, the host of the common English are inarticulate. Our press does not speak for them, but to them. It is not their voice we hear in Parliament. But if we would hear it, there are echoes of it in Shakespeare, in Dickens, and in Hardy.

What is the use of Americans reading the daily cablegrams to see where we now are? There is a finer and deeper significance, more of our gist, a tonic and native vitality, in Thomas Hardy's work, which will be young and fertile when the work our great statesmen are now doing, a mere apparition of towering importance, is lost with the bones of the young men they sent to the war.

H. M. TOMLINSON

The Declaratory Judgment

TO enable society to regulate and adjust its conflicting interests amicably and inexpensively, and to enable individuals to avoid the commission of wrong by clearly defining their rights and duties, ought to be one of the principal functions of the administration of justice. Preventive medicine has long been one of the most highly cultivated branches of medical science and its remedial efficacy is attested by a continuous development. The law, however, confines its remedial instrumentalities primarily to the redress of wrongs *after* their commission. Preventive justice, by conciliation, arbitration and removal of uncertainty, is almost undeveloped. The theory of the common law that the social equilibrium was not disturbed until a wrong had actually been committed or immediately threatened underlies Blackstone's view that it is the sole function of the civil courts "to accomplish the redress of private injuries."

The United States seems to have been one of the few great countries to entertain to this day such a crude notion of the social equilibrium and such a narrow view of the judicial function. Modern industrial and social conditions have long taught England, Scotland, Germany, Austria, many of the countries of Latin-America and many British colonies that the social equilibrium—the maintenance of which is entrusted to the law and ultimately to the courts—is disturbed not only by a violation of private rights but by drawing such rights into doubt and uncertainty. If the status of children as legitimate or illegitimate or of persons as married or unmarried is uncertain, not only the individual but society at large has an interest in having the uncertainty settled by an authoritative determination. If the title to real or personal property is in doubt, the state as well as the individuals concerned have an interest in promptly removing the uncertainty. Only within narrow limits is this now possible. If the meaning of a contract is not clear and conflicting claims are made, it ought not to be necessary to act upon one's own interpretation of his rights under it and break it—as is now necessary in this country—in order to obtain an authoritative judicial construction of its terms, with expensive litigation to boot. The same is true of all written instruments, like wills, which give rise to conflicting interpretations and require judicial construction.

To determine these questions, which are illustrations merely, our law now requires one of the parties first to act on his own view of his rights and then initiate an elaborate procedure involving delay, uncertainty and expense, when all that is desired is an authoritative determination of a simple issue of law or fact. Parties are compelled to indulge in legal hostilities whether they want to or not in order that their legal relations may be cleared of doubt or uncertainty. The system is crude and defective, to the great injury of individuals and society. Whenever a person's legal relations are so uncertain as to cause him potential pecuniary loss or disturbance in his social relations, the state should provide instruments of preventive relief to remove the uncertainty *before* a loss or injury has occurred. Our prevailing theory that justice functions with entire success if it gives money compensation *after* the commission of a wrong—barring the limited scope of injunctive relief—has been discarded in England since 1852 and in several other countries, even earlier.

Appreciating the social loss arising out of these limitations in our conception of the judicial function and with a view to making the courts more serviceable to the people, the legislatures of New York and of several other states, notably Michigan, Wisconsin and Florida, have recently adopted the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

procedural device known in Europe as "the declaratory judgment" in order to broaden the field of preventive justice. The Commissioners on Uniform State Laws have just adopted the first draft of a uniform act on declaratory judgments. Section 473 of the New York Civil Practice act, just adopted, provides that:

> The Supreme Court shall have power in any action or proceeding to declare rights and other legal relations on request for such declaration, whether or not further relief is or could be claimed, and such declaration shall have the force of a final judgment.

The distinctive characteristic of the declaratory judgment is that it carries with it no coercive decree or order commanding the defendant or the sheriff to do anything, an inherent element of all executory judgments. It merely declares existing rights and duties. Its purpose is to afford security and relief against uncertainty and doubt. It does not necessarily presuppose culpable conduct on the part of the defendant, but it enables any person whose rights, privileges, powers or immunities have been disputed, endangered, threatened or placed in uncertainty by another person to invoke the aid of a court to obtain an authoritative determination or declaration of his rights or other legal relations.

Even where there has been culpable conduct, experience has shown that the amicable remedy by mere declaration of rights, etc. is usually more desirable and fully as effective as the non-amicable recourse to the coercive executory action for damages or injunction. Such coercion will generally not be called into operation, where the right or duty is judicially declared. The more highly organized a society, the less frequently is it called upon to display its power in order to insure obedience for its decrees. The latent power of enforcement, universally realized, makes its exercise generally unnecessary. Should a losing party charged with duties prove recalcitrant, however, it will be a simple matter to obtain a writ of execution upon the declaratory judgment, which is res adjudicata.

The new remedy is destined to play an important part in simplifying the adjudication of disputes. For example, assuming the parties to a contract to be honest, it will no longer be necessary to break the contract, run up a bill for damages and engage in a hostile law suit, in order to have a court determine which of two conflicting interpretations of its meaning is correct. A difference of opinion having arisen, the parties may, without breach of the contract and without becoming enemies, request from the court a judicial declaration of their rights, duties, powers or privileges, etc. This will fully serve the purpose of the parties and will save the social waste of a broken contract, heavy damages, long litigation and business and personal hostilities. During the war, this simple device was employed in England in hundreds of cases involving disputed rights under shipping contracts, contracts of service and of sale, leases and many other instruments. Much of its value lies in the fact that it enables the parties at the very inception of a dispute to obtain an authoritative and binding determination of the issue instead of compelling or inviting, as is now the case, reciprocal action by each party on his own or his lawyer's interpretation of his rights, complicating the original issue by an overgrowth of consequential disputes and probable damages and building up an intricate and prolonged litigation out of what was originally a simple and easily determinable issue of fact or law.

Aside from its more common use in the determination of questions of status, such as citizenship, legitimacy, etc., questions of title to property, real and personal, and questions of construction of contracts and written instruments of all kinds, one of the main uses of the new remedy will doubtless consist in determining the validity or constitutionality of ordinances and statutes. Inasmuch as it is generally not possible to enjoin the enforcement of an ordinance carrying a criminal penalty, the present method of challenging its validity is to violate it and then have the court determine whether you guessed correctly in deeming it invalid or whether you guessed incorrectly and shall pay the penalty. That happened in the recent case of Shredded Wheat Co. v. City of Elgin in Illinois. Such a crude method of testing the validity of an ordinance or statute will no longer be necessary. The court being convinced that a person has a legitimate interest in the question and that a useful purpose will be served by determining the issue, the decision can be obtained, after proper trial, by a mere request for a declaration that the ordinance or statute is unconstitutional.

Many interesting possibilities of the use of the declaratory judgment in promoting the stability and security of legal relations suggest themselves. For example, it was nearly twenty years before the business world was able to learn with a measurable degree of certainty what the Sherman law actually meant. For some years before the decision of the first case the Department of Justice had held the Sherman law like a sword of Damocles over the heads of large business concerns entering into cooperative agreements, reorganizations and combinations of various kinds and degree. Yet when the Department of Justice was asked whether a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

specific agreement was a violation of the law, the Department declined to answer, asserting that that was a question, first, for private counsel and secondly, for the courts. So the advice of counsel was sought and their conjecture as to the meaning of the law followed, in the hope that the law had not been violated. Then came a few test cases, with expensive litigation and an unscrambling of a number of mature combinations, a process representing an economic waste beyond calculation. Why should private business have been left for years in such grave uncertainty? Why should it not have been possible for two or more concerns contemplating a certain form of cooperative reorganization, yet threatened by the Sherman law, to assert their privilege to enter into and execute the proposed agreements, citing the Attorney-General as a defendant, and request from the courts a declaration of their privilege to act under the agreements? With the expansion of governmental control and regulation of private business, to prevent unfair competition as well as undue private advantage to the public detriment, the need for some such instrument for obtaining authoritative guidance in the conduct of business will become increasingly evident.

The court has a wide discretion in judging of the utility of a declaration in a given case, in requiring that all interested parties shall be cited and heard and in demanding arguments. The issue must be real and the question practical and not merely academic. A long continued practice in England, not to speak of other countries, will serve our courts as a valuable guide in developing the new form of relief and in fixing its proper limitations. Its usefulness is attested by the fact that in the recent volumes of reports of the Chancery Division of the Supreme Court in England, the percentage of cases involving requests for mere declarations, instead of for damages or injunctions, has been between fifty and seventy. European practice has demonstrated that the courts have not exhausted their usefulness by the employment of their curative functions, but that there remains a large field for the application of their preventive functions which in this country has barely been touched. Under the new procedure, with its simplicity, its capacity to serve important ends of corrective justice without legal hostilities, its utility in deciding many questions which cannot now be brought to judicial cognizance and its efficacy in removing uncertainty from legal relations before it has ripened into a cause of action, the American public may look forward to a more amicable and simple method of adjusting conflicting interests and to an enlarged social service from its courts.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD

Barriers

WHY is it some races, some eras, are more artistic than others? After all, human nature, of which even artists are made, is very much the same, in the mass: artists spring from it everywhere. Art, considered as an atmosphere or current or divine visitation, is also the same; in fact ageless. These are the ingredients. Yet in one age or people, great works appear. In others they don't.

One approach to the problem would be to examine the handicaps that each different national spirit imposes on artists. Clive Bell has described the barrier the French spirit, for instance, erects, to stand between art and every man of genius who is born in France. An excessive regard for good taste, a respect for the rules, a dread of artistic improprieties—that's what holds back French art. It is of immense help to artists on all the lower rungs of the ladder, it gives them a thousand fine qualities, but it makes the finest of all hard to reach. They arrive at the upper rungs a little too stiff for more climbing.

The American barrier? A belief in the broad human appeal. The English, a respect for what is gentlemanly. Both good half-way goals. But both barriers. It is easy to dodge them, as the rebels do, but not to pass through and on.

The Teutonic barrier? Emotionalism, loose bulging emotions. The Japanese, a tightness of execution that diminishes grandeur.

The old Roman barrier was their instinct for massive solidity—it was excellent for aqueducts and roads but it made heavy statues. The Moorish barrier was exactly the opposite: they objected to weight. Arabesques lift their buildings, make them seem so light they could float off in air; then twist on into the beauties of—embroidery. They exhilarate, but lack depth.

The Greeks—?

Any amateur, however uncertain his skill as a shot, is allowed to throw stones at all other arts, but he halts at the Greeks. I feel myself warily tiptoeing around the Greek genius, looking for a weak spot to sling my pebble at, but not quite discerning it. Their instinct for perfection? Some critics have thought them the less human for that. But since after all perfection is what we're after—?

Perhaps the Greeks had no barriers.

Every barrier that makes an artist concentrate on some one kind of excellence, stimulates his achievement of that, but walls him off from the whole. Even the Greeks in their love of beauty strayed from the sternness of realism, and the men of our day who love realism have lost sight of beauty.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Election by Terror in Florida

"I WANT to register."

"All right, Jim, you can, but I want to tell you something. Some God damn black . . . is going to get killed yet about this voting business."

The questioner is a colored man in Orange county, Florida. The answer is from a registrar, white, of course. The Negro, cognizant of the sinister truthfulness of the reply he had received, would probably decide that it was not particularly healthy for him to press his request. Thus, and in many other ways equally as flagrant, did the election of 1920 proceed in Florida and other southern states.

The Ku Klux Klan, of infamous post-Civil War memory, has been actively revived in the South. Its avowed purpose is to "keep the nigger in his place," and to maintain, at all costs, "white supremacy." In spite of vigorous denials on the part of its leaders, the branches of this organization have entered upon a campaign of terror that can mean nothing but serious clashes involving the loss of many lives and the destruction of much property. The recent elections brought into full play all of the fear that "white supremacy" would crumble if Negroes were allowed to vote, augmented by the belief that the recent war experiences of the Negro soldier had made him less tractable than before. In many southern cities and towns, parades of the Klans were extensively advertised in advance and held on the night of October 30th, the Saturday before election. The effect of these outturnings of robed figures, clad in the white hoods and gowns adorned with flaming red crosses, was probably astounding to those who believed in the efficacy of such methods. The principal danger to America of anarchistic organizations like the Klan lies in their distorted perspective of conditions. The Negro emerged from slavery ignorant, uneducated, superstitious. It was a simple task to terrify him by the sight of a band of men, clothed in white coming down a lonely road on a moonlight night. Today, the Negro is neither so poor nor so ignorant nor so easily terrified, a fact known apparently to everybody but the revivers of the Ku Klux Klan. Instead of running to cover, frightened, his mood now is to protect himself and his family by fighting to the death. It is as though one attempted to frighten a man of forty by threatening him with some of the tales used to quiet him when he was an infant. The method just doesn't work.

This can best be shown by the attitude of the Negroes of Jacksonville. An old colored woman, standing on Bay Street as she watched the parade of the Klansmen on the Saturday night before election, called out derisively to the marchers:

"Buckra (Poor white people), you ain't done nothing. Those German guns didn't scare us and we know white robes won't do it now."

Among the educated Negroes there is a seriousness and a determination not to start trouble, but equally are they resolved not to run from trouble if it comes. But, whatever were the intentions of the sponsors of the parade, it acted as an incentive to bring to the polls on Election Day many colored men and women voters who had before been indifferent.

The population of Jacksonville at present is estimated at 90,000—Negroes numbering between 45,000 and 50,000. The enfranchisement of women caused this majority held by Negro voters to be of grave significance to the Democratic party of Florida. Coupled with this was the fear which is general throughout the South that the colored woman voter is more difficult "to handle" than colored men have been. The Jacksonville Metropolis of September 16th carried a scare head, "DEMOCRACY IN DUVAL COUNTY ENDANGERED BY VERY LARGE REGISTRATION OF NEGRO WOMEN," and the article beneath it carried an appeal to race prejudice based upon the fact that more Negro women than white had shown enough interest in politics to register. The first line, which read: "Are the white men and white women of Duval County going to permit 'negro washerwomen and cooks' to wield the balance of political power?" is indicative of the nature of the appeal thus made by John E. Mathews, Secretary of the Citizens' Registration Committee, Mayor John W. Martin and Frank M. Ironmonger, Supervisor of Registration. Similar appeals were made throughout the preelection period. A few days before election, the local press told of the issuing of 4,000 blank warrants "for the arrest of Negro men and women who had improperly registered, when they presented themselves for voting." Yet, all of this failed to stop the colored people who went quietly and intelligently about their task of registering.

On Election Day each polling booth was provided by the election officials with four entrances—one each for white women, white men, colored women and colored men. Two each were to be taken simultaneously from the head of each line, according to the published instructions. This was not done. No white voter was delayed or hindered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in voting while every possible handicap was put in the way of colored voters. More than 4,000 colored men and women stood in line from 8:00 A. M. to 5:40 P. M., the closing hour, determined to vote if possible. Colored women served sandwiches and coffee to the lines at all of the booths. Later the names, addresses and registration certificate numbers were taken of the more than 4,000 refused voters. Affidavits were being secured from each of these at the time of my visit to Florida during election week.

The bulk of the colored population in Jacksonville lives in the second, sixth, seventh and eighth wards. An idea of how they were prevented from voting may be gained from a comparison of the number of registered colored and white women and the total number voting in each ward. It will be remembered that the table below does not give the number of males, white and colored, who registered in the spring of 1920.

Ward	Negro Women Registered	White Women Registered	Total Votes Cast—White and Colored—Male and Female
2	1742	1017	1438
6	1569	1270	2633
7	1430	359	1290
8	1288	355	1262

In the above four wards more than 4,000 men and women were not allowed to vote though they had fully qualified in every way. It is these whose affidavits are being secured.

More serious and more distressing, however, was the situation found in Orange County where the election clash at Ocoee occurred. News despatches of November 4th told of the killing of six colored men, one by lynching, and of two white men, when Mose Norman, a colored man attempted to vote although he had not registered nor paid his poll tax. The facts, secured on the spot, reveal an entirely different story. Three weeks prior to election the local Ku Klux Klan sent word to the colored people of Orange County, that no Negroes would be allowed to vote and that if any Negro tried to do so, trouble could be expected. Norman refused to be intimidated. The registration books at Orlando show that he had qualified and registered. He was unpopular with the whites because he was too prosperous—he owned an orange grove for which he had refused offers of $10,000 several times. The prevailing sentiment was that Norman was too prosperous "for a nigger." When Norman went to the polls he was overpowered, severely beaten, his gun taken away from him (he had gone prepared for he knew there were no limits to which the Ku Klux Klan would not go) and ordered to go home. He went instead to the home of July Perry, another colored man, who likewise was unpopular in that he owned his own home and was foreman of a large orange grove owned by a Northern white man. The community felt that the job he had belonged to a white man. A mob formed, went out and surrounded the colored settlement, applied kerosene, burned twenty houses, two churches, a school-house and a lodge hall. Perry and the other beleaguered Negroes fought desperately. Two members of the mob were killed and two wounded. Perry, with his arm shot away, was taken to Orlando and placed in jail. Shortly afterwards, a detachment of the mob went to the county jail at Orlando, to which the sheriff voluntarily turned over the keys. The mob took Perry just outside the city and, more dead than alive, lynched him.

In the meantime, the colored men, women and children trapped in the burning houses fought desperately against insurmountable odds. Negroes attempting to flee were either shot down or forced back into the flames. The number killed will never be known. I asked a white citizen of Ocoee who boasted of his participation in the slaughter how many Negroes died. He declared that fifty-six were known to have been killed—that he had killed seventeen "niggers" himself. Almost before the embers had died down, eager souvenir hunters searched like vultures with ghoulish glee among the ruins for the charred bones of the hapless victims. The effect upon the adult white citizens was distressing enough—an air of meritorious work well done—but more appalling was the attitude of the children of the country. When asked about the rioting, an eleven year old white girl, intelligent and alert, told exultingly of "the fun we had when some niggers were burned up." The outlook for a more enlightened generation to come is indeed unpromising when a little girl can exhibit so callous an attitude towards such a revolting crime.

And thus the story runs. This and many other issues of the New Republic could be filled with tale after tale of unbelievable horror—how a wealthy colored physician of Quincy was surrounded at the polls by a mob, members of which spat on his face and dared him upon pain of death to wipe it because he had advised colored citizens to qualify, register and vote; how in Live Oak two colored business men, undertakers, merchants and land owners, were, for the same offense, beaten into unconsciousness and ordered to leave homes, property and families; how one of them has left and the other lies near the point of death from a paralytic stroke brought on by the beating; how among those burned alive at Ocoee were a mother and her two weeks old baby. The examples given are enough.

The question involved is not simply that of barring a few Negroes from voting. It involves

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a condition which will allow any white man, whether highly intelligent or densely ignorant, owning much property or abjectly poor, to vote, while all Negroes are disfranchised, it matters not how intelligent or worthy of the franchise they may be. This situation is not one which is wholly sectional but one which is so fundamental that no citizen of America, North or South, can disregard it.

What is the remedy? The United States Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional, laws providing for the punishment of persons who by threats of violence have prevented citizens from voting. But there are two definite steps which can be taken. First, a complete and exhaustive Congressional investigation of the elections of 1920 should be made. Second, under the provisions of Section 19 of Chapter 3 of the Federal Criminal Code due punishment should be meted out to those persons who committed the crimes referred to above and the many more which a real Congressional investigation would disclose. The section referred to is headed, Offenses Against the Elective Franchise and Civil Rights of Citizens and reads in part:

> If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States . . . . . they shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars and imprisoned not more than ten years, and shall, moreover, be thereafter ineligible to any office, or place of honor, profit, or trust created by the Constitution or laws of the United States.

With this statute is to be coupled the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution which reads:

> The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

The tense feeling now existing indicates that definite action must be taken at an early date to correct the monstrous evils underlying the race problem. Unless they are taken, it is not at all improbable that our race riots have just begun.

WALTER F. WHITE

Lone

Shrill rang the squeak in the empty house
Of the sharp-nose mouse, the hungry mouse.

'Sing, sing: here none doth dwell'
Dripped the water in the well.

A robin on the shepherd's grave
Whistled a solitary stave.

And 'Lone—lone!' the curlew cried
Scolding the sheep-strewn mountainside.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

What Profit Hath a Man—

CHAMP CLARK is going away from here and everybody is sorry. He has run out his string. He has finished his course. He has fought his fight. At the end of his thirteenth term in Congress and three days before his seventy-first birthday he is to be turned out, a "lame duck" in a world of realities.

Happily, our frame of government is so devised that there are numbers of places of refuge and sanctuary for such as he, and the Republicans will find a place for him if he wants one. Whether he will care to linger a pensioner about a stage where he has played so conspicuous a part, I venture to doubt, for he is a tired, disappointed old man for whom the taste of life has lost its savor.

He ran into a streak of bad luck in 1912 when his old friend and hero Bryan, and Woodrow Wilson between them put the gypsy curse on him. He has never been the same man since.

And now I ask your indulgence while I give this old actor a hand as he makes his final exit. It is set down somewhere: "For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool forever: seeing that which now is in the days to come shall all be forgotten." The end of old and disappointed politicians is always drear, and so I seek to recapture old, remembered, careless, happy days when our bold Numidian lion roared with the best of them, and was a great figure in the Washington scene.

Any intelligent sheep will eagerly seek Champ Clark's company in that happy time when the lion and the lamb shall dwell together in peace and amity. Our hero is not nearly so ferocious as the advertisements and advance notices used to make him appear. He is a clean-shaven lion with a hippodrome roar, and he never, never bit anybody. He is a good-humored lion, and loved his enemies even when he used to roar at them on the occasions set apart for that pastime in the House of Representatives.

John Sharp Williams as minority leader in the House, was a gad-fly. Where he lit he stung and where he stung he hurt. He buzzed venomously when in action, and the high strident tones of his voice raised in angry debate resembled nothing so much as the cacophony resulting from the application of a rusty file to the dull teeth of a cross-cut saw. Mr. Williams went into action like a swarm of angry hornets. It was zip! zing! and away. When Mr. Clark came to be the Democratic leader he would emit a mellow roar at the head of a devoted adversary, tell a yarn, quote Byron, say a good word for Thomas Jefferson, have a fling at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Hamilton and take his opponent to lunch.

The spirit, sir, was one of mockery, or, more precisely, make-believe. And there, if you are acute, you will perceive why whenever Mr. Clark has been weighed he has been found wanting. It it the story of his life.

Champ Clark's reputation as a "ringtailed roarer" was carefully built up over the Chautauqua circuits. Paragraphs like this went the rounds of the newspapers:

"Your town hall," said the travelling entertainer, "is an excellent one to speak in. There isn't the slightest echo, and my voice could be heard distinctly in the remotest corner of it."

"Yes, sir," replied the landlord of the village hotel, "there hasn't been a blamed thing the matter with the acoustics of that hall since Champ Clark made a speech there one day last summer."

For the sake of a stated amount of good and lawful currency of the United States in hand paid, and a carriage to and from the depot, Champ Clark and old General Grosvenor of Ohio toured together more than once the Chautauqua circuits, engaging in Homeric combat for all who had the price and cared to come. The stage enmity between these two natural-born talkers was carefully fostered during the debates in the House. The blood sweating behemoth of Holy Writ was never fiercer than these two appeared to the uninitiated in their mock heroic combats in the halls of Congress. The press notices of these battles helped a lot when the lecture season opened and the managers came around to make contracts.

But Champ Clark, the Chautauqua "attraction" and Champ Clark as he is, are two very different persons. His carefully built up reputation as a geyser of loud speech is not the whole of him. He is a man of wide reading and many natural attainments. In the political history of the United States he is thoroughly versed. Bound in buckram he could be sold broadcast as a supplement to any good encyclopaedia of American history. Or better still, in paper covers, he would sell on the trains as "One Thousand and One Odd and Interesting Facts."

A vagrant and vivid little recollection comes to me of sitting behind the great man on the stage of a Baltimore theatre while he recited for nearly an hour in his sonorous platform voice a list of crises in our history that had been settled or averted by one vote. It sticks in my mind as an amazing performance, though why he was there and why I was there I can't for the life of me recall. In retrospect it seems to have been just another one of those futile afternoons that stud the simple annals of those whose fate it has been to attend upon statesmen and their simulacrums.

Champ Clark broke down as he neared the top of a high hill, and he has been skidding and slipping ever since. For a time after he got through college and law school, he was the youngest college president in America. Then he became in turn, a hired farm hand, a clerk in a country store, editor of a country newspaper, and a lawyer before going into politics. You see he complied in minutest degree with the rigid formula for success in politics in this republic. Poor but honest parents, school teacher, farm hand, clerk, country editor, lawyer—it's the old Abe Lincoln pattern and prescription for being great.

Champ Clark had everything that Lincoln had except the hop to his fast one. He found out too late that you can't get by in the big league with a glove and a good pitching motion. You must be able to put it over. And this our hero could never do. When he tried to get out of the House he got out of his class. The company was too fast for him.

A man like Champ Clark will always succeed in the House. He was in his element there. The manners and customs and spirit and atmosphere of the chamber appealed to him and he appealed to all that the House esteems. The floor of the popular branch of Congress is the land of make-believe. The spirit of the place is one of boisterous good humor, of much loud and often quite irresponsible talk. The work of Congress is done in committee rooms by a few men. Except on infrequent occasions the floor is an arena, an exhibition place for talk and for judgments of the mouth.

Clark has always been a showy man on the floor. He has the talents the House loves and admires. He rose steadily. When the Republicans were in power he became minority leader and when the Democrats got control they made him Speaker.

Through this long period there was no indication that Mr. Clark was taking himself seriously. Certainly, the House was not. His associates knew him through and through; they had no illusions. But sometime somehow while he was going up in the House Mr. Clark got the idea that he would make a good President; that he would like to be President; that all that had gone before was dust and ashes unless he became President. It was his undoing. A distinct and well defined element in the Democratic party fell in with the idea. It was much the same group that had put Judge Parker over the hurdles in 1904.

The show-down came at the Baltimore convention of 1912, and there an extraordinary thing happened. Champ Clark's name led all the rest on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty-nine ballots, and nine times a clear majority of the delegates voted for him. But the Democrats require a two-thirds majority. Wilson was finally nominated. It was the first time in the history of the Democratic party that a candidate receiving a majority on any ballot was not subsequently given the requisite two-thirds and nominated. So that Mr. Clark was given another odd incident in American political history to add to his long list.

Nobody realized how much Champ Clark wanted to be President until he failed. The effort and the failure embittered him. He showed that he was spent. He and that other Kentuckian, Henry Clay, both went broke playing for the same high stake. The adventure drained them dry, and left them mere husks of what they had been.

This poor, worn old figure now drifting back into the twilight is the perfect product of his experience and career. He is a dread example of what happens to the man who stays in Washington too long playing at make-believe until he is unable to distinguish illusions from realities.

Prolonged service in Congress produces—a congressmen. It is an easily and quickly recognized type with distinct and clearly defined vocational stigmata. Mr. Clark is the true type. He is what most congressman seek to be. He has had everything that Congress could give. He sucked that orange dry, and it only whetted his appetite to be President. That was for him the great adventure, and there he failed almost as he touched the goal. He imagined a vain thing. Nothing else has ever mattered.

And now in turn his neighbors and constituents have ejected him as their representative in Congress. It is a dashed bitter business for an old man to face. He sought and found the bubble reputation and when he touched it, it turned to nothingness in his hand. That, in a sentence, is his tragic little history.

All the people here who know him are sorry that the chapter ends so bleakly. They wish for him that a man full of years and experience might have laid hold of the substance of life, and a measure of contentment to solace his old age.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

A COMMUNICATION

Is the War Responsible?

THROUGH much of the lamentation over the eclipse of liberalism runs a naive assumption of an infinitely better state of affairs existing in this country just prior to the declaration of war against Germany. I have nothing to contribute on the main issue,—whether a people can wage a war without seeing red and suffering profound demoralization. The spiritual fatigue now depressing more active minds, the vogue of "the hard guy," the spread of raffishness, are facts just as apparent in the daily life of any American village as they are in the "settlements" of Versailles and the foreign policy of the great Powers.

What I should like to throw into the discussion, for the possible comfort of liberals, are a few notes from ten years of rough-and-tumble reporting and investigating in the field of industrial relations. It is in the light of memories thus acquired that I have listened with surprise and amusement sometimes to the familiar arraignment of the war as the murderer of our liberties and the retarder of the movement to fulfill the humane possibilities of our world.

The history of industrial disturbances in this country proves very conclusively that the dominant power in our society lies with the ultra-conservative business community, and that in time of stress that power is almost absolute. A liberal, a Socialist, even an I. W. W. might have lived in blissful unawareness of this fact for years, and many of them did, because their lives were spent in communities where the test of strength never came. In spite of their Marxian dogma, even the Socialists felt their sense of fitness and normality outraged when they read of any particularly ruthless strike suppression involving denial of civil rights.

When the newspapers brought the story of Lawrence or Colorado there was the tendency to deny that these communities were typical, to regard them as different and exceptional, to say that such things could not happen at home. Yet exactly the same things happened in towns as widely separated as Lawrence and San Diego. The established order and the security of the business community were rudely challenged by organized manual laborers.

Resentment grew into fear and then into hysteria. The business community asserted itself. Civil rights for the offending laborers went over like a pack of cards. The political government became the willing agent of business enterprises. Ministers, lawyers, journalists who tried to stem the tide were coerced or terrorized into silence or flight. The business community itself underwent a change as its most pugnacious and unimaginative members assumed control. And,—most interesting phenomenon of all, in the light of our war experience,—American flags appeared in every button-hole, labor agitators were forced to kiss the national colors, and at mass-meetings called by the vigilance committees the oratory was all of "the days of '76 and '61." All this in 1912!

No one who knew San Diego in the days of the Free

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speech fight of 1912, or Lawrence during the protest strike in the fall of the same year, or Colorado during the miners' strike two years later, could be very much surprised or shocked by anything that has happened in the United States since 1917. Those were not pleasant experiences. The ferocity and the hysteria were unbelievable. Each was a shocking revelation of the class-conscious savagery lurking collectively in the most amiable and likable of men. It was an experience that served to prepare one for the sadistic glee with which the business community today gloats over what it calls "the liquidation of labor," which in human terms means hundreds of thousands out of work, children underfed, infants dying.

What happened in those towns in the days before the war was a sharp and disturbing challenge to the established order of business. And what happened in the entire country in 1917 was, I am convinced, not primarily a declaration of war, but a similar challenge to the business community uttered in more formidable accents than ever before. There came, first, the labor shortage, which began with the munitions boom of 1915 and the cutting off of immigration. Workers in the steel industry, employed half-time on a basic rate of $1.80 for ten hours during the three years preceding, found solid earth under their feet with the beginning of 1916, and we had the Youngstown flare-up. The story was told in these pages of how Judge Gary at that time barely averted a general strike in the steel industry. The autumn of 1916 brought the threat of a railroad strike and the passage of the Adamson act. The power and security of the employers were threatened as never before. Then, early in 1917, came the Russian Revolution. It, too, antedated our entry into the war, and it spread a new uneasiness among the warders of established things. And we began to get in the country at large what we had already seen in individual communities where local disaffected groups had issued their challenge and spread the same fear and uneasiness that now gripped the business community everywhere. We have witnessed since 1917 no shifting of power, we have merely witnessed a demonstration on a national scale of where power lies in the community.

Liberals may regret their ante-bellum freedom to speak freely at obscure public dinners. If they are professors, they will regret their lost freedom to say bold things in seminar classes attended by half a dozen intense young ladies and perhaps as many young men destined for future employment by government agencies or philanthropic foundations. It is annoying for others to find their "queer ideas" no longer considered amusing and even a dinner-table asset for hostesses. It is hard on progressive young clergymen to be forced to censor their open forums and their Sunday evening sermons. Much valuable work was done in these ways. Also, all these things made life infinitely pleasanter for liberals. They created an assuaging illusion about the state of the world. But that they perceptibly advanced the date for ushering in a better social order is by no means so certain. The most they could accomplish was to help usher in the era now upon us,—an era in which the Established Order stands fearful and in tension, disclosing muscles, resources of power, that have been the possession of the Established Order, held ready for use, these many years, even if we did not see them, and that are exhibited and used now only because some of the tenets of liberalism seem so much nearer realization than anyone thought them to be in 1914.

To be sure, the country's mobilization for war did cripple the resistance of political government to the demands made upon it by the business community. Without war, Mr. Wilson and his advisors, and the country with them, might have gone on pretending and believing that their political power, delegated from the people, was the dominant power in the country. Faced instead with the necessity of a swift and enormous demonstration of the country's physical energy, the political government had to turn realist over night and call in the men who actually hold the reins through their control of credit, production and distribution.

No President could have put this country into the war in 1917 without enlisting the voluntary cooperation of the business community, and of that articulate, conscious, purposeful part of the business community that has no use for liberalism. Nor could any President have got the necessary cooperation of the nation's real rulers without satisfying them as to his purposes. Not that they would demand or he give a crass explicit assurance. The assurance is implicit in comradeship during the carrying out of a monumental task. You cannot ask superhuman things of men and at the same time flout their most cherished purposes. (Not even when you pay them hundreds of millions of unearned profits and they give in return something less than was expected.) But here again the loss was only apparent. It was not real, and only those who feed on illusions will waste tears over it. Political power is organized from the ward up so that any politician who departs too far from the prescribed course can be destroyed overnight. It ought not to be. It does not need to be. But it is.

No liberal movement not strongly organized and disciplined could be expected to withstand the shock of this first onslaught, this first mass attack demonstrating the power of selfish and short-sighted business enterprise aroused to a sense of danger. Our first task is to understand what has happened. And the failure, is chiefly, it seems to me, the failure of the only liberal group from which we could, in the nature of things, expect the kind of organization fitted to withstand such an onslaught. That group is organized labor. And here we have to deal with the part played by fortuity in the drama of our times. That amazing old man at the head of the labor movement is a phenomenon that cannot be explained by anything inherent in the times and the customs. The open shop campaign now in progress is achieving moderate success because it is opposed by an organization that has spent most of its energies these past years in exalting the very wolf-game that such a campaign represents,—an organization stubbornly justifying the established order and offering no program contemplating an increase in well-being and good-will for all the community.

Scanning the personnel of the labor movement, one might easily pick out half a dozen man, any one of whom has sufficient political sagacity to hold the Federation together, sufficient executive ability to attend to its purely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

business-like affairs, and sufficient intelligence and good will to have cooperated through these pregnant years with all men of similar mind on a constructive program covering production, distribution, police regulation, and foreign affairs. How easy to formulate such a program, how effectually it could have been pressed for consideration, how powerful the popular sanction it would have obtained!

If we could forget the human values, there would be a grim satisfaction in seeing the Federation of Labor today crowded back to its last line of defense,—the very existence of unionism itself! So this is Mr. Gompers's reward for denouncing Bolshevism, filling the unions with spies, egging on the persecution of radicals! The situation perfectly illustrates the advantages of a bold policy, of the offensive assumed if only in self-refense. A leader in harmony with the spirit of the times would have kept the radicals in the field as his cavalry raiders, as his advance guard out there in front to bear the brunt of the coming onslaught. Instead, we see labor organizers who are good Republicans and Democrats, who ask only collective bargaining, standing as the extreme left wing of the labor movement and bearing the full onslaught of an enemy that does not distinguish between them and the wildest of I. W. W.

It is an exasperating situation that liberals find themselves in. We are faced by one of those inconvenient and illogical facts that amuse and sadden Conrad. We are waiting to see what happens in the murky and inexplicable politics of the American Federation of Labor. Meanwhile, why not a Fabian society, with engineers to the forefront, and some thorough studies that will show vividly a few of the major wastes and stupidities of that "normalcy" to which we have returned?

GEORGE P. WEST

Pasadena, California.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Protest from the Clothing Manufacturers' Association

SIR:—In your issue of December 15th you print an article entitled War in the Clothing Industry, in which an attempt is made to set before your readers a resumé of the occurrence that brought about this warfare.

If it was your intention to present to your readers a dispassionate survey of the conditions in the New York clothing market, you have failed completely, and have either secured your information from a partisan source or have evaded your obvious duty to investigate the other side before you said anything about the controversy. The net result, however, of the publication of such articles as this is to continue to befuddle the public and to delay the arrival of the day when a relationship between management and men in industry can be consummated that will spell progress and stability.

If you had, for example, gone to Professor Felix Frankfurter, who is a frequent contributor to your columns, and referred your information to him before printing it, he could have given you many facts that would have given a very different color to this article. At the request of Major Gitchell, the labor manager of the Clothing Manufacturers' Association, and the union, Professor Frankfurter made a survey of the collective machinery in the New York market last spring, and at that time he had the opportunity to learn a great deal of the conditions that have created the present situation.

You refer in this article to the fact that President Hillman fought the appetite of workers for increased wages when economic forces favored the worker. Professor Frankfurter could have told you that the fight was a completely unsuccessful one; that he exercised no control over the local leaders of this union, with the result that direct action was resorted to frequently last year; that the wage scales in this market were run up to extravagant figures; that production was shamefully curtailed, with the result that manufacturing costs in this market rose to a point where they exceeded those of the other principal markets by 50 per cent; that laydowns of operatives for the purpose of enforcing their demands were resorted to frequently; that there were stoppages of work and other floutings of this very government in the industry, that went to such extremes that the judicial authority of the collective machinery was set at naught, and *the then impartial chairman, in apparent disgust, left his position and the city and never returned.*

Professor Frankfurter might have told you that Major Gitchell, the labor manager of the Association, a scientific student of labor, whom you chide the Association for dismissing, had himself formulated the very demands that have been presented by the manufacturers, and that it was he who knew that these demands were essential to a return of stable government in this industry, and to the life of the market as well; that he himself negotiated for three months with this union in an effort to get their acceptance of the essential features of these demands; that even after he had failed completely to get any consideration of them, that the Manufacturers' Association had agreed finally to accept the production standards which the union had favored at its convention in Boston, provided they were offered in sincerity and with a willingness on the part of the Amalgamated to hold each worker individually responsible for his standard of production.

You refer to the fact that an important firm made a scrap of paper of its agreement when it withdrew from the Association in September, and removed their manufacturing from New York. That firm has made public a statement of their controversy and we are enclosing a copy. This was not the only firm that has left this city because of the conditions that exist here, and many others will similarly be called upon to pursue the same course.

When reference is made, as it is by the union, to the fact that government in industry is the issue at this time, it should be understood that government in industry means an interpretation by an arbitrator or impartial chairman of the agreement between the employers and the employees, and the acceptance by both sides of his interpretation. If this agreement, however, is fundamentally wrong and seeks to impose a condition upon this market which does not exist in the other markets, when it fixes no standards for production and will not permit piece work which furnishes the incentive to produce, and the impartial chairman continues to rule, as he has in the past, and properly so, that it is his business only to interpret and not to legislate, it is at once seen that this cry of government in industry means only the continuance of bad government, or the perpetuation of an impossible condition.

Professor Frankfurter could have told you that the manufacturers in this market would jump at the opportunity to end this warfare right now, provided they could have the working conditions that you refer to approvingly, of Hart Schaffner & Marx in Chicago, or those that prevail in the Chicago and Rochester markets generally, where piece work is the basis, and which system of work is satisfactory alike to the employers and the workers in those markets. Mr. Hillman has repeatedly told the New York manufacturers that he personally has no objections to piece work.

It is pertinent to ask at this time—"What is the aim of the Amalgamated when it is fighting for the impossible conditions that exist in the New York market, in contrast to those to which you refer approvingly as existing in Rochester and Chicago? Does it propose, if it succeeds here, to destroy the satisfactory relationship that now exists between the workers and employers in the Rochester and Chicago markets?" On no other ground can it justify its attempt to try to enforce upon this market in contra-distinction to those centres, the perpetuation of the system of work which has so completely broken down, and which is an open encouragement to slacking. And yet that is what they are seeking to do when they say, as they repeatedly have, that "they will not give up what they have won through years of struggle." These things have not been won. They have been taken through sheer force of abnormal conditions, and until there is a realization on their part that industry cannot support such

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conditions, the Amalgamated should lose the right to speak for the workers of the New York market.

WILLIAM A. BANDLER,
President of the Clothing Manufacturers' Ass'n.
New York City.

Mr. Felix Frankfurter Replies

The New Republic has asked me to comment on Mr. Bandler's letter. There is not space to deal with many details to which Mr. Bandler adverts; nor would understanding of the present controversy be furthered by their consideration. I shall, therefore, confine myself to the controlling factors of the situation.

(1) Mr. Bandler is quite right in contrasting the deplorable conditions of the New York clothing market with the hopeful achievements of Chicago and Rochester. But surely, the difference is not attributable to the Union. Mr. Hillman is the same man in New York as he is in Chicago and Rochester; the rank and file of the operatives are essentially the same human beings in New York as those of Rochester and Chicago. Surely Mr. Bandler must know that deeper causes explain the difference between New York and Chicago than any differences in Union activity. The roots of the difficulties of the New York market lie in the history of its development. Rochester and Chicago have a few, large manufacturing units, with the characteristics of permanent institutions, planned and managed according to modern business science. On the other hand, the contract system, the outgrowth of "sweat-shop" days, dominates the New York market, with its swarm of small units, weak financially, speculative in outlook and, individually impotent to guide the economic forces which determine the industry. Only the direct operation by manufacturers of their own shops will attain for New York the stability and dignity which the industry has obtained elsewhere. The so-called "inside shops," established on a permanent basis, like the Rochester and Chicago plants, are the eventual solution. Such change, of course, cannot be wrought over-night. It requires time, money, the will to achieve and, above all, the resolute cooperation of manufacturers and Union; it requires, as Mr. Bandler and his associates were told last Spring, "an investment, not only of money but also of that faith which all new enterprises and new institutions require."

(2) It is, therefore, academic for Mr. Bandler to suggest "that the manufacturers in this market would jump at the opportunity to end this warfare right now, provided they could have the working conditions that you refer to approvingly, of Hart, Schaffner & Marx in Chicago, or those which prevail in the Chicago and Rochester markets generally." It is not within the power of Mr. Hillman, or of the Amalgamated, or of anyone else to give to the New York market "the working conditions" of Chicago or Rochester. The working conditions of Chicago and Rochester are dependent upon the manufacturing conditions of Chicago and Rochester—and the workers alone cannot possibly change the manufacturing conditions of New York to make them comparable to those of Chicago and Rochester. The evolution in the stabilization of the New York market is absolutely dependent upon the joint efforts of manufacturers and Union. That is the road which will eventually lead to the enviable Chicago and Rochester conditions. That is the road which the Manufacturers' Association took in February 1919, when it entered into agreement with the Amalgamated, and established the Impartial Machinery for the joint control of the working conditions in the New York market. Such joint control justified itself during a year which put the hardest possible strain upon its machinery. Before the present conflict, it was the consensus of opinion of Mr. Bandler and his associates that the joint relationship achieved peace in the industry, production of output and limitation of wages that would have been out of the question, if riotous individualism, unrestrained by joint control, had prevailed in the New York market in 1919.

(3) I am quite aware of the defects disclosed in the working of the joint machinery. As Mr. Bandler states, together with Major S. J. Rosensohn, I was entrusted by the Manufacturers' Association and the Amalgamated to make a survey of the working of the collective agreement. Reference to that report will indicate that while we set forth the grievances which the manufacturers now make, as to stoppages and "laydowns" by individual workers and by some of their delegates, to tell no more would be to tell a partial tale. For these assertions of individual interest on the part of the workers, at a time when economic advantage was on their side, are unintelligible without also pointing out the deliberate bidding by individual manufacturers for labor (and such flagrant instances as public advertising for workers, in violation of the agreement, by the then President of the Association), and the granting of increases to workers in the face of Union resistance to such demands of its workers. Mr. Bandler thus fails to note not only the real effort of the leadership of the Amalgamated to resist temporary advances and the successful self-restraint, as in the case of the Cutters, but also the weakening of the authority of the Union by wage increases against the opposition of the leaders. In other words, every self- and community-interest called for a strengthening of Union leadership instead of impairing, as the manufacturers did, the disciplinary powers of the Union.

(4) But with all its defects the agreement *worked*. The cure for the inadequacies of what control there was, the report to the manufacturers pointed out, was more joint control and not less joint control. We pointed out that the two great problems of the New York Market, to wit, (a) the introduction of wage scales and production standards, and (b) seasonal unemployment, could only be solved by a deeper faith in and wider application of the principle of joint control, to which the industry was then committed.

(5) The formulation by the manufacturers, of "demands" for piece-rates, decreased wages, individual production records, mode of dismissal etc., etc., following the business depression this spring, were legitimate as a basis for negotiation *with the Union*. But it is quite a different thing to refuse investigation, as the manufacturers did, through a joint committee under the guidance of the Impartial Chairman, of the facts underlying such claims. The Association's facts may be what it claims they are. But is the essence of joint responsibility that both sides should be charged with responsibility to ascertain the facts and to devise ways of correcting difficulties that the facts disclose? One is a process of joint control through negotiation; the other is dictation by the side which for the moment has the whip hand. And if experience proves anything, joint control and not one-sided dictation must finally prevail, if the industry in New York is to endure.

(6) The public is mostly concerned by the assertion of temporary economic power. Today it happens to be on the side of the manufacturers; next year it may be with the workers. If the manufacturers exert their brute economic strength today, the workers will naturally seek to exert it next year. The public should not tolerate this everlasting warfare. The effective assertion of public opinion can decide the controversy. And the present issue is a very simple one. It has been put with unmistakable clearness by the New York Evening Post in its editorial for December 14, 1920:

"The real issue is the basis on which the clothing industry of New York is to be continued. That is an issue of general social interest, with which the public has a right to concern itself.

"The public cannot accept irresponsible control by any one group in industry. Such control has already brought too many evil results, in the form of social discontent and disturbance. The worker's contention for a share in the control of his industry and in the determination of questions affecting his standard of life is a natural human reaction. Sooner or later, American employers will have to consider that protest, without prejudice and without calling names and will have to meet and solve together with the workers the problem of joint regulation of industry so that it will run steadily without stops and waste. The New York clothing industry now offers a rare opportunity for the rational solution of this recurring problem."

FELIX FRANKFURTER

Fit for Millions

SIR: The Coal article by Mr. Polakov in your recent issue should be republished in every newspaper in America.

It is some one's duty to see it is done, so why not yours?

Instead of only reaching the thousands of your readers it should be put before the millions of American people who are so vitally concerned.

LINCOLN J. CARTER.

Goshen, Indiana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

A FEW days ago one of my oldest and dearest friends fell to praising Arnold Bennett in my hearing, loudly, as her custom is, and at length, as is also her custom. She possesses in an unusual perfection the not unusual gift of praising a book or a landscape in a strain which makes people resolve, privately, never to look down a valley again or to read a printed page again, as long as they live. I have heard her talk of Taormina in a voice that convinced those present of the superior beauties of Waukegan. "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing"—I have heard her quote those deathless words with a fervor which convinced me, for almost half a year, that the Book of Job was nothing to write home about.

So of course, upon this occasion, as always before, I turned supercilious and superior, and told her coldly that all she said about Mr. Bennett might be true, but that I, for my part, could not re-read any novelist who took as little sensuous pleasure as Mr. Bennett takes in his own words. Could I give her an instance of what I meant by sensuous pleasure in words? I could and did, rather condescendingly:

> There eternal summer dwells,
> And west winds, with musky wing,
> About the cedarn alleys fling
> Nard and cassia's balmy smells.

Naturally, being as intelligent as a woman may be who has her proclivity to flushed ecstatic eulogy, she would not let me get away with this, but insisted upon a more contemporary instance, in prose, from novelists. So I cited Flaubert, unavoidably, and somebody else suggested Virginia Woolf and C. E. Montague, these last two with perhaps a hope that our hostess might not yet have read them, her usual position being in the very front rank of those who are about two laps behind.

Later, when at home again, I became more honest again, and at once began to test my insincere assertion that Arnold Bennett could not be reread. Taking the first two of his novels that came to hand I reread Leonora, rapidly and to myself, and then A Great Man, aloud and slowly. It was no end of fun, rereading A Great Man. I remembered it as an amusing book. I had forgotten that every page is amusing. The wife's view of the husband is revealed in two speeches, no more. Henry Shakespere Knight, popular novelist, has hit upon a happy title for his new book—Red and Black. His wife, Geraldine, objects: Stendhal has used it. Henry, who had not heard of Stendhal, asks Geraldine if she thinks he'd better alter his title: "Geraldine glanced at the floor. 'You see,' she murmured, 'Stendhal was a really great writer.'" Later, when Henry's cousin Tom, painter and sculptor, is made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and elected President of the Cosmopolitan Art Society, Henry is puzzled: "Frankly, Henry could not understand it. Tom did not even pay his creditors. 'Well, of course,' said Geraldine, 'everybody knows that Tom *is* a genius.'" Not long before his marriage Henry makes an expedition to Paris and Monte Carlo, where Cousin Tom exposes him to the enchantments of Cosette, an actress and singer. After his marriage the image of Cosette grows fainter: "Thoughts of Cosette, which used to flit through his brain with a surprising effect that can only be likened to an effect of flamingoes flitting across an English meadow, had now almost entirely ceased to disturb him." Flamingoes! It is an example of the perfect simile.

Leonora, which is not so amusing, and is not meant to be, is packed just as tight with observation. An English bar, with barmaids and a crowd: "Late comers who, forcing a way into the room, saw the multitude of men drinking and smoking, and the unapproachable white faces of these two girls distantly flowering in the haze and odour, had that saturnalian sensation of seeing life which is peculiar to saloons during the entr'actes of theatrical entertainments." Leonora had entered a room just in time to keep her husband from giving, by the quietest and least obtrusive means, the wrong treatment to his sick and unconscious uncle: "And . . . there crossed her mind the recollection that she had caught John in a wicked act on the previous night. Yes; he had not imposed on her for a moment; and she perceived clearly now that murder had been in his heart. She was not appalled nor desolated. She thought: 'So that is murder, that little thing, that thing over in a minute!' It appeared to her that murder in the concrete was less dreadful than murder in the abstract, far less horrible than the strident sound of the word on the lips of a newsboy . . ." John Stanway has taken morphia and is past hope. His wife and their three daughters are in the room with him, waiting for death: "They were all incapable of logical reflections, and in the hushed torpor of their secret hearts there wandered, loosely, little disconnected ideas and sensations; as that the Stanway family was at length getting its full share of vicissitude and misfortune, that John was after all more important and more truly dominant and more intimately a part of their lives than they had imagined, . . . that they were fully supplied with mourning, and that suicide was mysteriously different from their previous notion of it."

Mr. Bennett has various forms of sincerity, of which his fidelity to immediate impressions is the most obvious. Immediacy is what he wants and what he gets. Since it is neither in words chosen because of their beauty nor in words which compose into beauty when they are put together that his impressions come to him, an effect of beauty in his reporting words would perhaps seem in his eyes like an infidelity to the things reported. A like explanation may serve of the lack of rhythm in his prose, because rhythm is often the outcome of contest and collusion between what the eye sees and what the heart remembers at the very moment of seeing. I wonder whether Mr. Bennett, if he found himself deviating into rhythm, would not suspect his eye of losing its innocence? He is always active mentally, always at work receiving impressions, noting as busily and as briskly those that happen to come his way as those he goes out of his way to expose himself to. His books must be crowded with memories of childhood and youth, yet so strong is his preference and so marked his gift for immediacy that the things he noticed years ago, before he knew he was an observer, read like things observed the day before yesterday. One of the oddest traits of his novels is our awareness, as we read, of the almost constant presence of this inordinately busy observer, and our failure to feel, even for a moment, that the showman is distracting our attention from what he is showing us. Odd, too, is the fact that this gift of immediacy should be united in the same man with Mr. Bennett's extraordinary gift—seen at its best in The Old Wives' Tale—for representing the flowing of time. It is true, to be sure, of any great novelist that he has a singular turn for treating the things he fishes up from the bottom of his heart, and the things he sees floating on the surface of other people, as items in the same department of knowledge. But even among great novelists few have Mr. Bennett's faculty of making what he has brought to the surface look as if he had found it there. P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the Play

I WENT to Miss Lulu Bett in a state of mild hostility. Why? Zona Gale's novel was, as I knew from F. P. A., much to be admired; but I had not read it and I had no opinion of it and I was culpably ignorant of the work of Miss Zona Gale. The hostility came merely from an apprehension that "Miss" Bett would be delicately spinsterish and—thin. I had in mind a play of exquisitely bent shoulders covered by a shawl clasped by a thin hand, the other thin hand serving tea in a room suffused with thin sunshine—and Miss Lulu making sacrifices with a thin heroic smile. It was an irrational prejudice, but man is an irrational animal; and while every play should be deemed innocent until proved guilty, the person has yet to be discovered who does not come to the theatre bulging with queer associations.

Perhaps the contrast between this expectation and the reality was too much for me, but the actual Miss Lulu Bett upsets my superciliousness and I find myself wholly delighted. The play is thick, not thin. Lulu Bett is, indeed, a spinster, but a spinster who wants to break in, to warm her hands before the fire of life. And what she wants to break in from is not necessarily her condition as a single woman but her condition as a single human being. She finds herself, that is to say, lone-handed in the family of her sister and sister's husband. She finds herself a dependent, no more dependent than her old mother but no less, and to escape from that dependence becomes her adventure. A more dramatic adventure, given Lulu, could not be asked for, and it makes an essentially thrilling play.

What gives Lulu her real claim on one's sympathies, is, as Miss Carroll McComas shows, her actual delivery of the goods of life. She isn't, as even Nora was in The Doll's House, complicated by a passion for macaroons. She is in a stage of utter worthiness, the one person who runs the Deacon household, and yet, because her excellent brother-in-law has the whip-hand, she can only trot round the three-meal circus when he cracks the proprietory whip. In some degree Miss McComas might be criticized for showing Lulu as so dejected, so sub-ironical, at the beginning of this splendid play. But who has not seen Lulu—or, if not Lulu, Mary or May or someone else—falling into the dreary shuffle of domesticity with the same degree of animation as a sophisticated cab-horse, who long since come to know that animation simply means another load? The dejection of the early Miss Lulu Bett is what a fashionable psychologist would call anxiety-neurosis, and it is perfectly accounted for by the proprietory personality of Dwight Herbert Deacon, the male on whom Miss Zona Gale has fixed her scrutinizing eye.

Dwight is a self-made God. His universe consists of his thoroughly intimidated wife Ina, his door-mat Lulu, his half-baked daughter Diana, his pensioner mother-in-law Mrs. Bett. He is a small-town dentist, but of a self-sufficiency that would fit him for the Cabinet and with a line of pontifical axioms that would get him re-appointed at the renewal of the term. In addition to this insufferable pomposity there is his insufferable good-nature, his great American habit of "kidding," with no idea as to the point at which attention to personality becomes invasion of personality and the sin of sins. He is a provider, possibly a good provider, but he provides the tribal morals and manners as well as the canned salmon and the oatmeal wall-papers and the rocking chairs and the chandelier. He is the Supreme Court, the Senate, the Burleson and the Mitchell Palmer of his own personal community; and the only person who doesn't lie to him is Lulu, who takes her concave version of her own personality from the insisted convexity of his. Lulu revolts against him, but is bamboozled. And Dwight Herbert Deacon abounds in majesty, prerogative, sarcasm, humor and bluff.

The arrival of his hearty brother Ninian upsets the status of Lulu. This warm-hearted roving male, not merely treats her as an equal, insists on her coming to the party, but he sees in her a very admirable and desirable person. The aberration arouses Dwight to his heaviest sarcasm, and it is almost too much for Lulu herself, but when an accident turns Ninian into an earnest suitor, Lulu permits herself to go to him, leaving the Deacons to make their own beds and cook their own pies.

Miss Gale is not engaged, however, in writing another Cinderella romance. The abrupt return of Lulu, after a month with Ninian, is a hard surprise. By the time the two of them had wandered to Savannah, (a name wonderful to Lulu), Ninian foresaw that he could not take his new wife home to Oregon until he cleared up the history of a wife who had left him years before. He finds courage to tell Lulu of this earlier wife only when evasion is no longer practicable, and she leaves her "husband" until he clears the record. The possibility of Ninian's being known as a bigamist is the only possibility that occurs to the eminently respectable brother. He sees nothing of Lulu's plight. He can count on her renewed dependence. And he installs Lulu in her old place on condition she remains silent and allows the town to suppose she has been deserted.

The incalculable element of Lulu's will now absorbs the drama. Is she going to be exploited again, or is she going to prevent the tribe's bullying her and to find out her real relation to Ninian? The perception of both actress and author is here unfaltering. And when the first wife turns out to be alive, and when Lulu at last decides to break away on her own account and by her own energy, the drama comes to a genuine end. It is all the more genuine because Lulu finds another man waiting for her and yet decides to go away from him also. What she wants is not "freedom" but self-possession, against which the whole tribe has conspired.

Her mother, it is curious, relinquishes Lulu quite easily. This seems to me rather extraordinary. The most consummate slaveholders in the world are usually the daughter-clutching mothers. But even mothers are variable human beings.

Several critics have taken exception to Miss Lulu Bett on the score of its dramatic ineptitude. They have practically offered to teach Miss Gale how to write plays. That would, of course, be pleasant for Miss Gale, especially if Mr. St. John Ervine could be associated with the instruction, as the critics suggest; but I should like Mr. Ervine to take his turn sitting at Miss Gale's feet. For Miss Lulu Bett is, on the whole, a larger accomplishment than—well, let us say, a large accomplishment on its own admirable account. It is only a part, if you like, of that wonderful Discovery of America which is now being made by Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell, Edith Wharton. But in this honest and thrilling discovery Miss Gale ("of Main Street, Portage, Wisconsin") has done authentically what perhaps only a feminist and certainly what only an artist could do. She has shown, in perfect American terms, the serious comedy of an emancipation—the sort of emancipation that no national optimism can set aside. And it is by an artist's reverence for personalities—not OF personalities—that she has shown in the heart of America that famous conflict

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between the tribe and the growing feminine individuality—a conflict in which defeat may mean an immense gain of respectability but must mean a complete loss, in spite of our pet institutions, of that liberal adjustment of personalities called civilization. F. H.

Dostoevski

The Complete Works of Dostoevski, translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE English edition of all the novels and stories of Dostoevski is nicely timed for the hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1921. His letters appeared in English several years ago.* The English reader now has access to almost a fourth of the novels and stories for the first time; better still, he may for the first time survey this fiction in its entirety and, combining the fiction with the letters, come to a surer understanding of this strange genius than was possible hitherto. The psychological and pathopsychological analysis in these novels and stories, their attitude toward humanity, their contribution to the advance of Russian thought in the nineteenth century, and the personality and career of Dostoevski revealed in them as well as in the letters, make one of the most fascinating and remunerative studies in the literature of modern times.

The soonest discovered and latest remembered characteristic of the Dostoevski fiction is its "nerve-rack." Such matter, the gentle reader avers, is merely sensational. But when he learns that this fiction is neither conscious sensationalism nor pseudoscientific exploitation of the field of abnormal psychology; that the psycho-pathological currents are the ingenuous and unpremeditated reflection of the author's own neurotic nature; that the author's neurosis was in large measure accentuated by a lugubrious battle with untoward outer conditions of life; and that, finally, the more Dostoevski himself suffered the more he was animated with a love for all humankind—then the reader should be disposed to take an attitude less childish and superficial, and should be eager to make capital of the treasuries of thought and feeling that lie imbedded in these novels and stories.

Dostoevski was himself a psychopath. His case—particular phases of which have often been adduced—has not been fully worked out; and doubtless the evidence which would enable one to pronounce with finality upon the determining factor in the neurosis, and upon the exact cause of the neurosis, is no longer obtainable. Besides, in these days of martial Freudians and anti-Freudians, there can be no agreement upon the descriptive terminology applied to such cases, and hence upon the cases themselves. For the profit of the reader, however—who is to appraise intelligently twelve volumes of fiction—Dostoevski's neurosis may be outlined in its more obvious aspects with a modicum of "hard words" and with no attempt to force a special interpretation. For the reader, the one thing desirable is to see that we do have here a neurosis, and that the case is complicated; and for him, it is no great matter if some of the phases herewith distinguished may be, scientifically, either one and the same or offshoots from one and the same centre.

Dostoevski was hysterical. The evidence here—from the letters and from various biographical sources—is abundant; and scattered all over the novels and stories are scenes in which the affection is delineated in such a masterly and offhand fashion that the reader who is unfamiliar with the hysterical type is simply nonplussed. Hysteria, the loss of emotional control, in which the subject experiences imaginary sensations, is an indubitable sign of fundamental nervous instability. The hysteric temper "lives near the surface," ever moving along the margins of the many moods, is instantly caught by the passing whim, and runs swiftly from joy to despair and from hell to heaven. Dostoevski had great mentality, but no emotional control. "But the *worst* is that I have an evil and exaggeratedly passionate nature. In all things I go to the uttermost extreme; my life long I have never been acquainted with moderation." (Letters, page 113.)

Dostoevski inclined to melancholia. In the letters may be found all the distinctive characteristics of the malady—the deep depression, the groundless fears, the delusions, and the moody over-occupation with one idea or one set of ideas. "Previously I had suffered for two years from a strange moral disease: I had fallen into hypochondria. There was a time when I even lost my reason. I was exaggeratedly irritable, had a morbidly developed sensibility, and the power of distorting the most ordinary events into things immeasurable." (Letters, page 87.)

Dostoevski was an epileptic. The "falling sickness"—hereditary—if it does not appear in childhood, is most likely to develop under mental and nervous strain; and it seems that Dostoevski was not afflicted until his term of penal servitude in Siberia. The epileptic frequently has hallucinations of personal grandeur, and he is not uncommonly characterized by distrust and suspicion. Prince Muishkin, in The Idiot, and Smerdyakov, in The Brothers Karamazov, are two notable portraitures of the epileptic; and the various manifestations of the disease are described as only a sufferer himself could describe them.

On the authority of Soloviev, Dostoevski's chief Russian biographer,* who falls back on certain episodes in the fiction† and apparently on other sources, Dostoevski had hallucinations in childhood. It is hardly going too far to hazard the assumption that the piercing vividness of the dreams which Dostoevski is fond of ascribing to his characters—ascribing them sometimes so abruptly that the reader is fooled into thinking that the waking moments of the dreamer are still under way—is, in the last analysis, the hallucinatory quality. Victims of hallucinations not only perceive objects with no reality, and experience sensations with no external cause (cf. the hallucination of Ivan Karamazov); in some nervous disorders, the patients rehearse the parts they have played in scenes of the past which, during the spell, swirl around them again. The dreams, at any rate—such as the one of Raskolnikov about the horsebeating (in Crime and Punishment), and the prophetic one of Arkady (in A Raw Youth)—have psychopathological timbre; and it is small wonder if to many readers these chill nightmares remain among the unforgetable things in the Dostoevski fiction.

Finally, there are some passages in the letters, and some parts of the fiction, which may well demand a special category. Of all the letters, the reader is likely to find two the most curiously painful; and of the fiction, Notes from Underground (in White Nights and Other Stories) the most puzzling work—so irritating, in fact, that he is quick to call it mere balderdash. The letters in question are numbers XXVI and XXXIV. The first, from Si-

* Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. Macmillan.

* Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Macmillan.

† Cf. The Peasant Marey in An Honest Thief and Other Stories.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beria in 1856, begs one General Totleben to intercede for the writer with the Tsar; the second, written in 1867, contains a report of Dostoevski's quarrel with Turgenev. Why the crawling and fawning servility to Totleben, and the insolent and domineering abuse of Turgenev? The time is just about passed when such actions can be lightly explained away by "anxiety" (in the first instance) and "jealousy" (in the second); today the student of character looks for deeper causes. Now the narrator in Notes from Underground is a man whose activity is pitifully confined to these two supposedly diametric roles—that of abject lowliness and that of impudent superiority. He gives us a minute analysis of his excessive humility; he gives us an example of his assertion of power in his damnable treatment of Liza the harlot. What we have here is recognized today as an acute neurotic condition in which *a morbid humility is accustomed to burst its bonds, and to avenge itself, in an insulting display of arrogance when the occasion is propitious.* Hallucinations, too, of riding over and humiliating others, are regular among such neurotics. If the reader is unwilling to apply this neurosis to Dostoevski personally, he can hardly reach a better solution for Notes from Underground, which, in the light of this interpretation, becomes a striking piece of psycho-pathological analysis, and not mere balderdash. And he may find this interpretation useful in getting acquainted with some of that motley crew of The Possessed.

Dostoevski's neurosis, whatever its most important factor and its cause, was much heightened by his rude collision with unfortunate conditions of life. The following brief sketch takes account—for present purposes—only of the bitter side of the biography, noting especially those facts which are not accessible to the general reader in the letters. Dostoevski, a delicate child, was reared in a home remindful of Puritan days in New England. Fun was frowned upon, and the doing of "tasks" and the reaction to "duties" were the order of the years. The Dostoevski children, moreover, were penned up, without playfellows and in dense ignorance of life outside (if we may trust the youthful wisdom of letter IV, Dostoevski's father, a resident hospital surgeon, was himself no better off in knowledge of the outer world). Touchy anyhow by nature, Dostoevski was enshrouded in touchiness by his bringing-up; and thus early he began to run from life, and to distrust both himself and others. Slung with such handicaps, he was sent off to college, where his temperamental delicacy made his student life one of isolation and torture. After college, he entered the Public Service. He now met that spectre of privation which was to follow him all the days of his life. And it must be recognized that the cause lay within Dostoevski himself. He was a waster; and his prodigal impulse must be sought within the region of his hysterical temperament. Hysterically he was snared by the passing fancy; hysterically he pitched his money at trifles; hysterically he bewailed his failing; and hysterically he pursued the self-same course. Later in life he had a temporary craze for gambling, in which he did not stop until he had pawned himself and his wife literally out of clothes and lodging; and it is worth noting that in the midst of his report of his experience with roulette occurs his own succinct definition of his hysteria, already quoted above (Letters, page 113). After a year in the Public Service, he turned exclusively to writing. His first novel, Poor People, 1846, was a success which took him into the highest literary circle in St. Petersburg—the Byelinski circle. But because of his sensitive temper, his proneness to take quip for insult and crank for injury, his distrustfulness, his young-author's-pride, he soon got himself heartily disliked, and retired into isolation, where, burdened with debts, forcing himself to write, and naturally achieving some literary failures—for example, The Double and The Landlady—and hysterically impatient and full of the fear of the future, he edged up close to the brink of collapse. At the guttering end of this period of stress, he joined a circle of young men who were passing around proscribed books and discussing prohibited questions (Letters, page 258). He was accused of "having taken part in conversations about the severity of the Censorship; of having read . . . Byelinski's revolutionary letter to Gogol; of having . . . listened to the reading of various articles," etc. (Letters, page xiii). For this he got eight months in prison; was taken out to be shot, and was reprieved at the last second (letter XX); got four years of penal servitude in Siberia, where life was trebly hard for a man of his mentality and disposition (Letters, pages 57-59); got a five-year term of compulsory military service in the Siberian army. His punishment over, he returned to St. Petersburg and struck out again for literature. Then the real agony began—the agony of the struggle between the practical world and creative genius vested in a neurotic temperament. Dostoevski's fundamental hysteria showed itself everywhere; and showing itself in his prodigal impulse, it was the root of his financial troubles with the practical world. That Dostoevski was villainously enslaved and maltreated by his publishers is a myth—a sentimental distortion of the truth by those who cannot contemplate the weaknesses of genius. Chekhov had identical arrangements with his publishers—that is to say, he accepted advance fees on works not yet written (a not uncommon practice, today and yesterday); he had more dependents to support than did Dostoevski; but the sentimentalist has yet to bring an arraignment against Chekhov's publishers. Dostoevski may be fully pitied for being what he was—for having the temperament which he did not give to himself; he may be fully pitied for having to harass himself over long novels prepaid; but he deserves no apotheosis on the basis of some old-wives'-tale about the depravity of his publishers.

But to speak of the psycho-pathology of the Dostoevski fiction is to speak of means rather than end, of the method rather than the ultimate matter. The abnormal psychology is but the microscope enlarging a vast social sympathy. Dostoevski made himself immortal by his affection for the people. His compassion for the "insulted and injured" began and ended his literary career—was the inspiration of Poor People and The Brothers Karamazov and of all that lies between; and by no prison, by no injustice done to himself, by no realization of his own follies was that compassion stained for a moment with indifference or cynicism. To a man of his exceedingly sensitive nature, the torment of a Sonia (in Crime and Punishment) was not painful just in the abstract; and beside his distress the mood of all humanitarian literature in Russia before his day, and of much of it in his day and since, seems a little mild. Thus in the mighty "to the people" movement in Russian thought and literature from Gogol to Gorki, and in the greatest humanitarian impulse ever put into the fiction of a nation, Dostoevski's immortal position is that of the chief advocate of the downtrodden and abused (his personal attitude, in all its bounteous kindliness, is unconsciously sublimated in that of Prince Muishkin in The Idiot). Gogol, in The Cloak, had proved that the petty Russian clerk had a soul; Turgenev, in A Sportman's Sketches, had proved that the Russian peasant had a soul; Dostoevski, in The House of the Dead, proved that the Russian convict had not only a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soul, but also a sense of human dignity. "Every one, whoever he may be and however downtrodden he may be, demands—though perhaps instinctively, perhaps unconsciously—respect for his dignity as a human being. The convict knows himself that he is a convict, an outcast, and knows his place before his commanding officer; but by no branding, by no fetters will you make him forget that he is a human being. And as he really is a human being he ought to be treated humanely. . . . Humane treatment may humanize even one in whom the image of God has long been obscured" (The House of the Dead, page 106). The closing thought of The House of the Dead—which falls back on Dostoevski's own four years as a prisoner—is: "How much youth lay uselessly buried within those walls, what mighty powers were wasted here in vain! After all, one must tell the whole truth: those men were exceptional men. Perhaps they were the most gifted, the strongest of our people. But their mighty energies were vainly wasted, wasted abnormally, unjustly, hopelessly. And who was to blame, whose fault was it?" (page 282). In a passage on page 170 of The Brothers Karamazov—too long to quote here—Dostoevski puts into the mouth of Father Zossima his complete creed of human sympathy.

An advocate of the people, but a distinct product of the city, Dostoevski scarcely touches the peasant. Turgenev and Tolstoy, country gentlemen, naturally evoked in their humanitarianism the figure of the peasant, and scarcely touched the petty bourgeoisie. The world of little officials, students, shopkeepers, and publicans and sinners is the world of Dostoevski. The reader is ever being led on some twilight mission into crowded tenements and the back-alleys of squalor and vice. There is no other instance in modern fiction of such an almost total lack of description of nature. All the sentences devoted to nature in The Insulted and Injured would hardly make a respectable paragraph. And where are the pretty love-scenes? And the enchantresses? Such a woman as Katerina Nikolaevna (in A Raw Youth) is about the nearest approach made to "the charm of beauty's powerful glance." When Dostoevski looked upon life as represented by the city masses, he saw it as a serious and sombre thing.

How would Dostoevski bring alleviation to the suffering Russian masses? What was his creed of advancement? He was no revolutionary (The Possessed is an anti-revolutionary novel), nor did he ally himself with any party of social reform. To Dostoevski, Christianity was the hope of the world, and of Russia. It was the function of Russia to reveal the deep religiosity of her people to science-mad western Europe (Letters, pages 166, 206-7). As for Russia herself, she was not to be raised out of her misery by reformers who would incorporate the modern ideas of the west. The reformers and the "intellectuals," as well as the oppressing classes, must be Christianized if the suffering millions were to be healed. In Russia, according to Dostoevski, the religiosity of the people is the fundamental element, the soul of the nation, the only vision upon which the advancement of the people can in any wise rest (Letters, page 244). Thus truly to help the people is to unite with their religiosity. In short, Dostoevski was a Slavophile with a distinct religious bias (his socio-religious conception is fully set forth on pages 321-2 of The Brothers Karamazov). Yet, indirectly, Dostoevski contributed to the development of the revolutionary idea in Russia. That supreme scene of modern humanitarian fiction, wherein the "intellectual" Raskolnikov bows down to the Christian prostitute Sonia—the gist of Crime and Punishment—pointed out to Russian revolutionaries something which had not been pointed out before (so far as the revolutionary development is recorded in Russian letters), and something which must perforce be learned by the revolutionaries of all lands and times: namely, that there must be a heartfelt amalgamation of the reformers and the people; that the people must feel that the reformers have an affection for them, and are not interested merely in carrying out a sociological experiment; that the people will not put their trust where they do not recognize a genuine sympathy; and that without the affectionate trust of the people nothing can happen, or, if it does happen, can long remain. Such revolutionaries as those in The Possessed, who envisage social reformation as reimbursement for their own personal troubles, or as a Utopia for the satisfaction of their own personal desires, or as mere scientific manipulation, or as anything else but a brotherly and strenuous service of the whole people, cannot endure.

Dostoevski is the eminent example in modern literature of the admittedly great writer the formal aspect of whose writing is nevertheless bad. It is quite evident that lack of time, his race with the advance fees of the publishers, and the fact that he had eternally to toil for bread mangled his work considerably (Letters, pages 98, 194; number LI). It is easy to see the difference, in the more outward matters of composition, such as phrasing and continuity, between The Brothers Karamazov, which was written when Dostoevski had some repose financially and otherwise, and The Idiot, which was written when he had no repose at all. But in the more inward matters of composition, such as focus and proportion, The Brothers Karamazov shows the same failings as The Idiot—hundreds of worthless details, prolixity, tedious entanglements not emphatically resolved, unaccentuated shifts, blind alleys. Dostoevski, indeed, if he had changed places with Turgenev in every respect save one, namely, individual temperament, would still have composed ill, and Turgenev well; for Dostoevski's instability of talent is inextricably bound up with his general nervous instability: it is a nervous talent, which he himself admits, defines, and bewails (Letters, page 205). The reader, therefore, in seeking the dark and lurid beauties of the Dostoevski fiction, must be prepared to be irritated; but his reward will be great.

CLARENDON ROSS.

Bynner vs. Bynner

Pins for Wings, by Emanuel Morgan. New York: The Sunwise Turn, Inc.

DUAL personalities, if the authorities are to be trusted, are always in a state of civil war. And, if the results mean anything, they usually defeat themselves. The internal clash ended by ruining Fiona Macleod, the poet, as well as by destroying William Sharp, the critic-editor. Something of this same self-disruption seems to be happening to Witter Bynner. Starting literary life as a pleasing and rather conventional lyricist, the force of "the new poetry" struck him about 1915. It fascinated him, but he distrusted it. In 1916, under the pseudonym, Emanuel Morgan, he wrote Spectra, collaborating with Arthur Davison Ficke, who wrote as Anne Knish. In this collection, Bynner burlesqued the more extreme manifestations of the Imagists, Vorticists, Fantaisistes and the Parnassian fauves.

Many of his critics took Emanuel Morgan seriously. And so, it seems, did Bynner. After another volume of respectable lyrics, the poet published The Beloved Stranger, which proved to be an unsuccessful joining together of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bynner and Morgan—a morganatic union, which was hard to take seriously. Spectra was a brilliant hoax on the public; in The Beloved Stranger the joke was horribly on Bynner.

So in Pins for Wings—a set of microscopic characterizations of contemporary poets. Here Bynner again yields to his alter ego. Many of the tiny tags are clever, a few are something more. There is a keen sense of summary in examples like:

VACHEL LINDSAY,
a street-cry
in heaven.

AMY LOWELL,
a rhine-stone chip
on a blood-red shoulder.

JOHN DRINKWATER,
dust
in a mug of ale.

PERCY MACKAYE,
laurel
on a carpet-sweeper.

ALFRED NOYES,
Robin Hood
singing
the Doxology.

RUDYARD KIPLING,
Pan
stoking an empire.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES,
jewelled buns.

The characterizing is by no means up to this level; some of it is decidedly flat. As sharp an intelligence as Bynner's should not have tried to use such dull and ineffectual pins as: Aiken—phosphorescent plumbing; H. D.—the winged Victory hopping; Siegfried Sassoon—Puck at an autopsy. Then too, considering Bynner's amazing inclusiveness, one is puzzled by his omissions. But it is easy to supply the lapses. Here is a rapid half-dozen that the pinner forgot:

EDITH SITWELL,
a color chart
exploding.

ALDOUS HUXLEY,
Priapus
cutting the Georgian knot.

JOHN MCCLURE,
Chaminade's Valse Sentimentale,
played by Mencken
on a metronome.

WINIFRED WELLES,
rose leaves smothered
in rose leaves

ALTER BRODY,
a lithograph of Lenin
on watered silk.

FRANCIS CARLIN,
a Child's Garden of Erse.

And so on ad lib. ad infin. It is time for the creator to put his creature out of danger—danger, that is, to Witter Bynner.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Labor Problem

The New Industrial Unrest, by Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Labor's Challenge to the Social Order, by John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Current Social and Industrial Forces, by Lionel D. Edie. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Comparisons of an Eight-Hour Plant and a Ten-Hour Plant, by Josephine Goldmark and others. Washington: U. S. Public Health Bulletin No. 106.

Is Violence the Way Out? by John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

What Social Classes Owe to Each Other, by William Graham Sumner. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FACTS, causes, reasons, proposals, remedies, all jostle for expression in the recent books on the labor problem. Aside from its being the same old problem which they are all concerned with, there is a common trend of ideas which is significant and I believe hopeful.

There is a common searching for facts and for a true understanding of what is going on in industry. In a sense this is not new; yet the very volume of expository literature on labor questions which is pouring forth today, indicates an unprecedented quest for a clue to the way out of the maze. Moreover the complete honesty and relentless social introspection of men like Mr. Brooks are more in demand than ever. Not only have we a public that would know the truth, but it is willing to listen to truth plain and unvarnished.

These books reflect also the tendency—one, indeed so common in American writers that it seems almost indigenous—to propose measures of reconstruction which take full account of and work with the institutions and individuals which we know today. Revolutionary proposals, sudden or violent methods of transition, are dwelt upon in American labor literature with significant infrequency. And the present writers are true to the American optimism that we can "find a way out, all right" without rushing from evils that we have to others that we know not of. In a word, they are temperamentally evolutionists.

A further point of similarity is the incoherence and inarticulateness regarding what labor wants, and what society as a whole is looking for. The prophet warned us what to expect when there is no vision; and our industrial literature reveals a confusion of aims which may well alarm us. If we ask flatly what it is that people want to get out of life in modern society, the answers are disconcertingly varied. But without an agreed answer to this question, what basis have we for evaluating industrial conditions? Professor Sumner offers one answer. Dr. Holmes has another. The authors selected by Professor Edie have still others. In their confusion as to the heart's desire, these writers faithfully reflect their generation.

Mr. Baker's study closely parallels that of Mr. Brooks except that the latter is casting in a wider and deeper sea and his findings are therefore more varied. Mr. Baker, after giving recognition to collective developments in the men's clothing industry, lapses into a somewhat too ready acceptance of shop committees as curatives. He adds some not altogether convincing words about management as a profession, and the need for personnel or labor management in particular. He is always the reporter standing outside, trying to understand a technical problem and to help his audience to understand. Writing presumably to inform and enlighten employers, Mr. Baker does not indulge his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CYPRESS possesses so remarkable an *investment value*—for so great a variety of uses, indoors and out, from fine library doors to pasture fences—that it is well described as "the world's most *valuable* wood," *though by no means an expensive one.*

"CYPRESS lasts practically forever." It does not warp or shrink or swell like most woods—it *takes paint perfectly*—and it *defies decay* if used *without even a filler.*

Well is it said—*"cut out your repair bills"*—build of CYPRESS *at first,"* and that *"he who builds of* CYPRESS *builds but once."* *YOU TRY IT.*

All-round Helps Department

Southern Cypress Mfrs.' Ass'n
1255 Perdido Building, New Orleans, La.
1255 Heard Nat'l Bank Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

NEW SCHOOL
FOR
SOCIAL RESEARCH

Second Term February 7—May 20, 1921
Registration begins January 31st

Courses in
History, Anthropology, Economics, Psychology, Statistics, Political Theory, Business Research

Given by
Thorstein Veblen, Wesley C. Mitchell, James Harvey Robinson, Leo Wolman, A. A. Goldenweiser, Leon Ardzrooni, Horace M. Kallen, Frederick W. Ellis, Ordway Tead, Lawrence K. Frank, Frederick Macaulay

Late afternoon and evening classes
For outline of courses apply to school

465 West 23rd Street, NEW YORK
Telephone Chelsea 1386

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN STUDIES

Studies in Language and Literature

No. 8. THE FIRST QUARTO OF HAMLET
Edited, with an introduction and notes, by FRANK GAYLORD HUBBARD.

Professor Hubbard's work is indispensable for all future study of two living questions of English scholarship—the relation of the First Quarto version of Hamlet to the common version, and the extent and character of literary piracy in the Elizabethan age. He gives the First Quarto a fair chance to speak for itself, by putting it into the dress of modern Shakespearean editing. He treats it as a play, different from the version which the modern reader knows, but independently entitled to consideration. The introduction presents an analytic study of the condition of the text, and a discussion of the possibility of piracy, especially with the aid of shorthand notes.

120 p. Paper, $ .50.

No. 9. TRACES OF MATRIARCHY IN GERMANIC HERO-LORE
By ALBERT WILLIAM ARON.

76 p. Paper, $ .50.

No. 10. THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATIONS OF THE EASTER SEPULCHRE
By KARL YOUNG.

This monograph undertakes to show that from well known liturgical ceremonies, such as the reservation of the host on Holy Thursday and the adoration of the cross on Good Friday, were developed dramatic observances,—"The Burial on Good Friday," the "Elevation" before matins on Easter morning, and the "Visitation of the Sepulchre." The "Burial" and the "Elevation" are now fully studied for the first time, and a considerable number of dramatic texts are printed from hitherto unpublished manuscripts.

130 p. Paper, $ .50.

No. 11. STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, Series No. 2.
The Plundering of the Hoard in Beowulf
By FRANK GAYLORD HUBBARD.

Sentimental Morality in Wordsworth's Narrative Poetry
By OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL.

The Scansion of Middle English Alliterative Verse
By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

The Sources of Milton's History of Britain
By HARRY GLICKSMAN.

144 p. Paper, $ .50.

No. 12. THE FORMATION OF TENNYSON'S STYLE
By J. F. A. PYRE.

A study, primarily, of the versification of the early poems. This work is a contribution to the theory of English metrics, as well as a subtly definite appreciation of Tennyson's actual work.

249 p. Cloth, $1.00.

Previously Published

No. 7. LUCILIUS AND HORACE
By GEORGE CONVERSE FISKE.

This work, an investigation of the classical theory of imitation, with a bearing upon critical controversies of interest at the present moment, has been recognized both in this country and in Europe as definitive in some aspects of its field, and as breaking new ground in others.

524 p. Cloth, $2.50.

Orders should be sent to the Secretary of the Board of Regents, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emotions or even allow his imagination to play freely. He is at his best in the following paragraph the promise of which in both its literary and intellectual quality is hardly fulfilled in the rest of his discussion. Speaking of the "solution" of the labor problem, he says:

> "In another sense, there is a solution. It consists in the attitude, the spirit, which one maintains toward the labor problem—an adventurous, inquiring, experimental attitude, ever hospitable toward new facts; and a generous and democratic spirit. I wonder if men can find this solution in its completeness without some high faith in God, and some vital interest in their fellowmen."

Mr. Brooks more adequately fulfills his promise to show the positive elements and forces at work in contemporary industry. He is more aware of the present, more alive to complex currents and the diversity of possibilities for the future. And he is writing for a more general public. His book is unquestionably the most mature, balanced and far-seeing analysis of recent months. The theme of his study —that democracy can come into its own only as its citizens have first hand experience with affairs through administering voluntary associations in the economic realm—is an invaluable one; and he develops it in a manner at once convincing and pleasing. It is reassuring that whereas Mr. Brooks's study of the Social Unrest written over fifteen years ago was largely concerned with distressing social conditions, his new book is concerned with movements of reformation or reorganization which have grown up to wipe out those conditions.

Professor Edie's compilation of contemporary thought on social and economic problems and proposals will be useful not alone to the novice in this field, but to the student who will find much valuable matter out of bulky and inaccessible volumes here collected in one place. The purpose of the book is both to expound and "to present the case of those who believe in betterment." This purpose is on the whole realized.

Miss Goldmark's and Dr. Florence's study of output in two large plants is valuable both because of their findings and the highly scientific character of their methods. In no industrial subject has the practical American public evinced greater interest than in this one of the effect of hours on output. The results of the present investigation confirm the conclusion which both English and American scientific opinion has recently been reaching. The eight-hour day is held to result in a more productive system than a ten-hour day. And of the other conclusions, reached with the most scrupulous use of their statistics, an admirable summary is to be found in the preface.

Dr. Holmes sounds a warning note in his insistence upon the futility of violence and the necessity of meeting a problem which is at bottom one of spiritual needs, by spiritual methods—by education, by readier communication between social groups, by that quickening warmth of the individual's emotional life which some call "love."

It is difficult to understand why Professor Sumner's study of the sublime efficacy of laisser-faire should have been republished at this time. His text is that "social improvement is not to be won by direct effort." The social classes owe nothing to each other. "A free man in a free democracy has no duty whatever toward the men of the same rank and standing, except respect, courtesy and goodwill." Plausible as all this may have sounded in 1883, it seems unfair to the memory of an eminent scholar to resurrect a study in which such manifestly outgrown sentiments are predominant.

Indeed the great gulf fixed between W. G. Sumner and J. G. Brooks is symptomatic of our social progress. The day of individual responsibility for personal enlightenment and social reorganization is not past; it is only beginning to break. The reason why the volume of labor literature daily increases is that more and more people have become convinced that social improvement is won by direct effort. And any writer who has any kind of suggestion will get a hearing. The facts and proposals recently offered may perhaps not be profound or as definite as one could wish. But the underlying temper of the new literature is sound, sane, practical—and best of all, it is born of a unanimous conviction that "the former things have passed away."

ORDWAY TEAD.

The Wind Between the Worlds

The Wind Between the Worlds, by Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IT may be a misnomer to call Miss Brown's novel an exposition of spiritism. Rather is it an exposition of the quackeries of spiritism, for the characters in the novel supposed to be able to communicate with the Other Side are distinct frauds. Miss Brown's faker is a half-mad old professor who thinks he has discovered a new element that may be used in such a way that spirits will communicate through it by means of the Morse code. Apparently anybody so unfortunate as to fail to memorize the Morse code before his death is out of luck. Miss Brown's theme is melodramatic, to say the least. The mad professor, in order to raise money for his experiments, makes his daughter palm herself off as the secretly-wedded wife of an officer killed in France whose mother has caught the spirit-writing craze and is trying to get in touch with the dead son. This mother is preyed upon by professional spiritualists. Even her private secretary befools her into thinking that she possesses a "control" and can do spirit writing. Along comes a twin brother of the dead officer who turns out to be the man that the professor's daughter had seen once and loved. The complications are obvious enough and the climax, resulting in the sudden death of the mad professor, is more than obvious. In fact the plot itself is one that might have been dredged up out of Mr. Frank Munsey's Argosy.

If one can forget the shoddiness of the material there are several virtues that might be pointed out. First there is a delightfully matter-of-fact and level-headed grandmother, Madame Brook. The girl, Andrea Dove, proves sympathetic, but the reader will speedily witness that she is the stock sentimental figure, the daughter torn between filial love and her heart's desire, who is more sinned against. The book will undoubtedly please disciples of the formula school of fiction.

H. S. G.

Contributors

JOHN DEWEY, professor of philosophy at Columbia University and one of the directors of the New School of Social Research, is at present in China. He is the author of Democracy and Education and other books on Education and Philosophy.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD is professor of law at Yale University. He is the draftsman of the act which he describes and one of its principal promoters.

WALTER F. WHITE is a graduate of Atlanta University. He has investigated thirty-six lynchings and five race riots during the past three years.

H. M. TOMLINSON has been assistant editor of the London Nation since 1917. He is the author of The Sea and The Jungle, and Old Junk.

CLARENCE DAY, JR., is the author of This Simian World.

EDWARD G. LOWRY is the author of Rhode Island Conditions and Today and Tomorrow in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED